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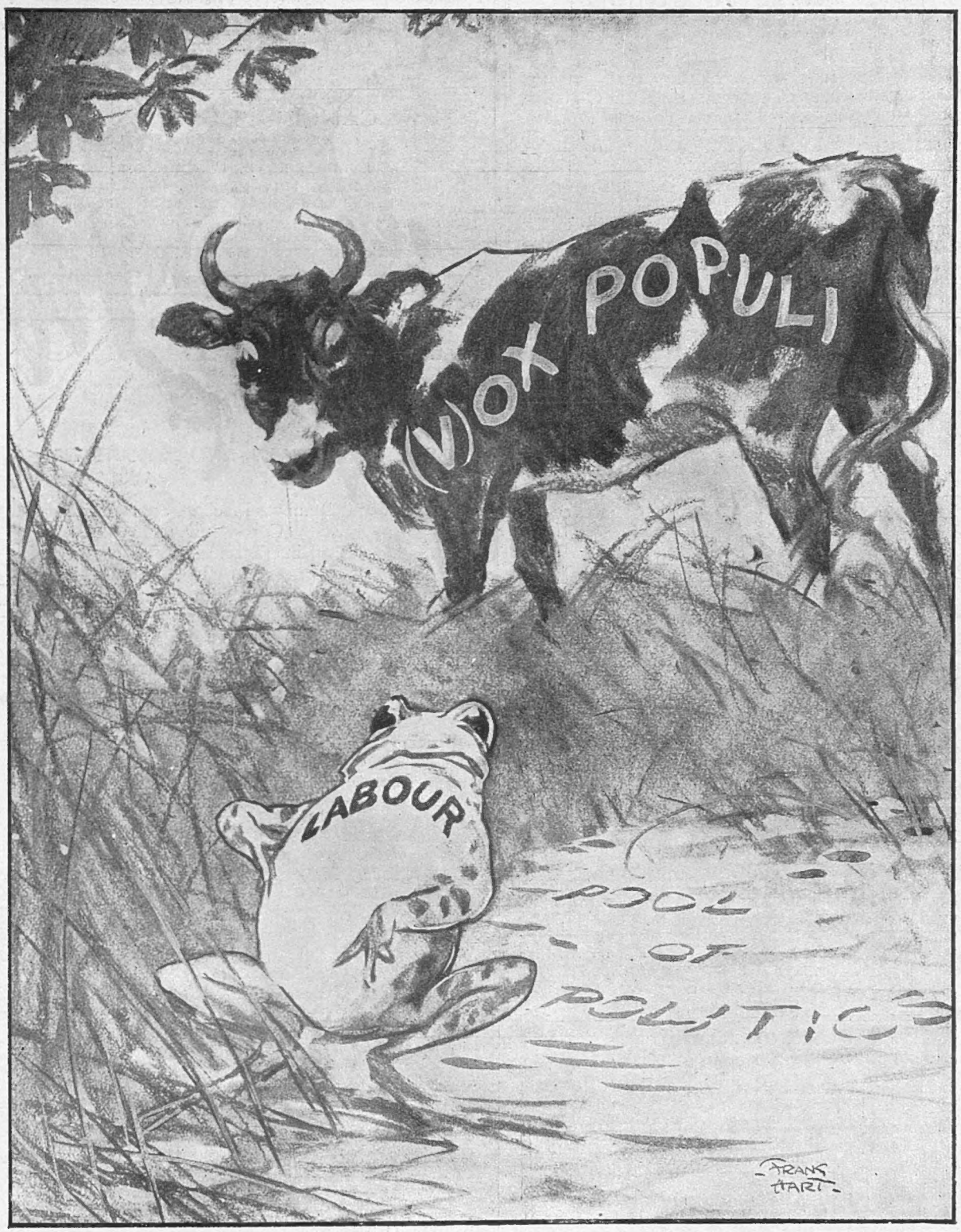
The BYSTANDER



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—Will it have the same old ending?

BY FRANK HART

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Royalty and Republican Riches

THE marriage of Prince Christopher of Greece and Mrs. Leeds proves once again that love knows no bars, and likewise that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady." All the world knows that the marriage has been on the *tapis* for some considerable time. What were the obstacles, and on which side, has always been a matter of conjecture. That the bride was non-Royal could have had no weight with Prince Christopher's family, since his brother George, sometime High Commissioner of Crete, had long been married to the grand-daughter of the famous French financier, M. Blanc, whose daughter married Prince Roland Bonaparte.

It is an odd commentary on the tricks played by Time that two of the biggest fortunes in two strongly anti-monarchical countries should benefit two members of the Greek Royal Family. The Blanc fortune, which Princess George of Greece inherited, was derived from Monte Carlo and wise speculation on the French Bourse: the Leeds millions come from tinplate in America.

Unless my memory plays me a trick, this is the first instance of an American marrying a "right down, regular" Royal person. A brother of Napoleon I. married an American, but he was not "pukkah" Royalty. The late Princes Hohenlohe and Hatzfeldt married Americans, but they were only quasi-Royal, "Serene Highnesses," not "Royal Highnesses"—an amazing difference in the days when these things mattered.

Hunt Balls and Some Reflections

A HUNTING friend of mine was wagging a gloomy head the other day on the matter of hunt balls. This year they seem to be in full swing in nearly all the hunting countries, but next year and other next years, he thinks, will see an amazing difference. So many properties are being sold—"Changing England," they call it—and he prophesies one of the results must be an entire change in the hunting world. "The new people who are buying up all these properties either don't hunt, or if they do, they are a very different sort from the present folk, and as the old people are forced out the old spirit will go with them. The new people *don't know*—and there you have it in two words."

This sounds gloomy of the gloomiest. But I don't agree with him, for the simple reason that the spirit of British sport has never been killed or changed yet, no matter through how many hands properties in the Shires have passed.

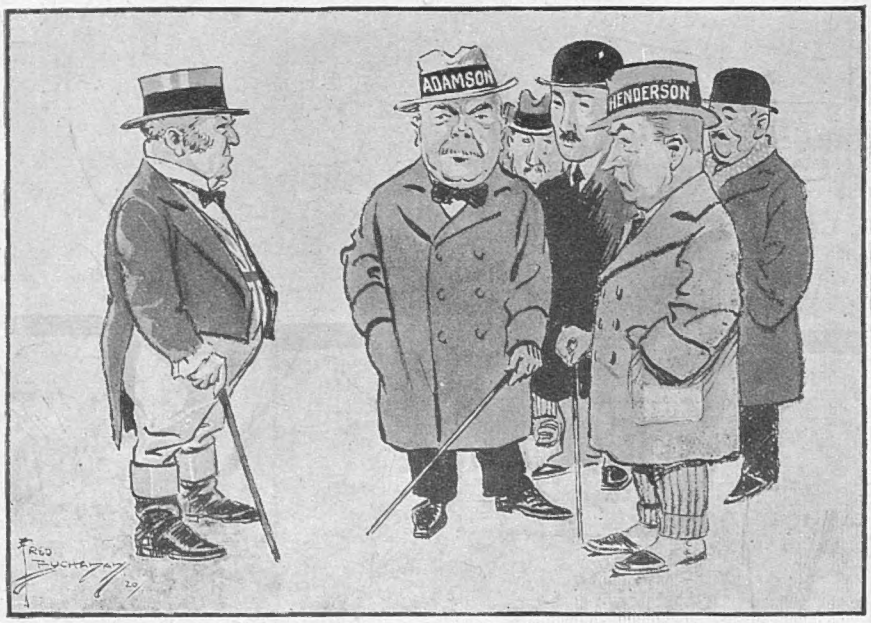
Myself, I don't believe that even Bolshevism could kill fox-hunting in this country, and all the jolly good spirit and fellowship that fox-hunting means. At any rate, the Bolshies' first cousins haven't been able to do the deed in Ireland.

The Call of Blood

SPEAKING of Ireland, I must say I do admire the spirit of the squirearchy and country gentry over there.

Motors may be held up by ruffians, and ladies in thin shoes and ball-dresses turned out in the dark into ploughed fields; shooting-parties may be shot at from behind hedges; every sort of lawless terrorism may be used, but the Irish gentlefolk don't turn a hair.

In the case where the ladies were driven amongst the muddy furrows at the point of the pistol, they walked to the house to which they were going when so ruthlessly molested, and danced in their sodden shoes. And not a single hostess has cried off a dance or a party because of the terror that stalketh just now in Ireland, both by night and by noonday. What is more, the guests turn up, too, every man and woman of 'em.



"TERMINOLOGICAL"

MR. BULL: "Well, gentlemen, what message do you bring back from Ireland?"
LABOUR LEADER: "Ireland, Mr. Bull, we think is *determined* on self-extermination"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Old Men and New Acres

It will be an unfortunate thing for country districts if landowners, who have sold portions of their property, take the attitude indicated by my Lord Beauchamp in his letter to the secretary of a Worcestershire agricultural club.

There was a rumpus some little time ago at a sale of some farms belonging to Lord Beauchamp; the existing tenants apparently thought they had a grievance. But the matter appeared to be settled amicably. Lord Beauchamp has been asked to accept re-election as President of the Madresfield Agricultural Club and to allow its annual show to be given in the grounds of his house, Madresfield Court.

In his answer he says: "If farmers are determined to fight against both landlords and labourers, instead of co-operating for the common welfare, they will find themselves surrounded by enemies, and for the time, at any rate, some of the amenities of country life have gone."

The point that arises is this. If there is enmity between a landowner and farmers, wouldn't it be more English, and certainly more in keeping with the Christian rule of burying hatchets, especially if the landowner in question is a big Churchman, to let bygones be bygones, and cement the peace with an agricultural show? Lord Beauchamp's attitude can only widen the breach of which he speaks in his letter. Such breaches are dangerous in these days.

We all know Æsop's fable, in which the sun accomplished what the wind failed to achieve.

Bill Gawber Orates

"I wish I was Chancellor of the Exchequer," remarked Bill Gawber.

"I'm sure you'd make a good thing out of it," I replied. "You'd be able to retire after a month, wouldn't you?"

"Ar! 'old yer (purple) row. Yer allus seems ter think as I wants ter pinch anything I can lay me

(continued on page 346)

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

By Fred Buchanan

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WESTMINSTER

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

'ands on. It's yer misfortune, I suppose, livin' among the torfs as is mostly on the mike. I wants yer ter realise as I got public spirit. See? Besides, 'ow's a pore workin' man ter get a (pink) chance ter mike a bit, even if 'e was Chancellor o' the Exchequer? Wot with the Auditor-General a auditin' 'im dye an' night? an' the pipers a-keepin' 'im on the 'op? No, if I was at the Treasury I'd be 'onest. Wouldn't 'ave the (corroded) option. But wot I'm thinkin' is about these 'ere exchanges, the American one, I mean ter sye. I wos sayin' to Mrs. Gawber ony last night: Mrs. Gawber, I said, yer'd better think o' packin' up, I said. Maybe we'll be emigratin', I said."

"Don't, Bill! THE BYSTANDER would never get over it."

"Can't 'elp yer (gory) troubles. An' you'd soon find another pore bloke ter libel. But wot I sez is this 'ere: I sees in the piper as yer used ter get close on five dollars fer a quid, an' now yer don't get more than three an' an 'arf. Well!"

Pay in Gold?

"WELL?"

"Ar, yer needn't sye 'well,' like a (flocculent) biby. Ain't yer got no logic? If I was ter go over ter Ameriky, I'd get me five dollars orl right fer a dye's work (fer an hour if I could mike on it), spend three an' an 'arf, an' sive the rest fer when I comes back."

"Yes," I replied, doubtfully. "I see. But you'd be spending dollars as well as earning them. You'd be no forrader."

"Wot?"

"Sorry, Bill. It's like that. You can't earn your living in America and live here. It'd be too easy."

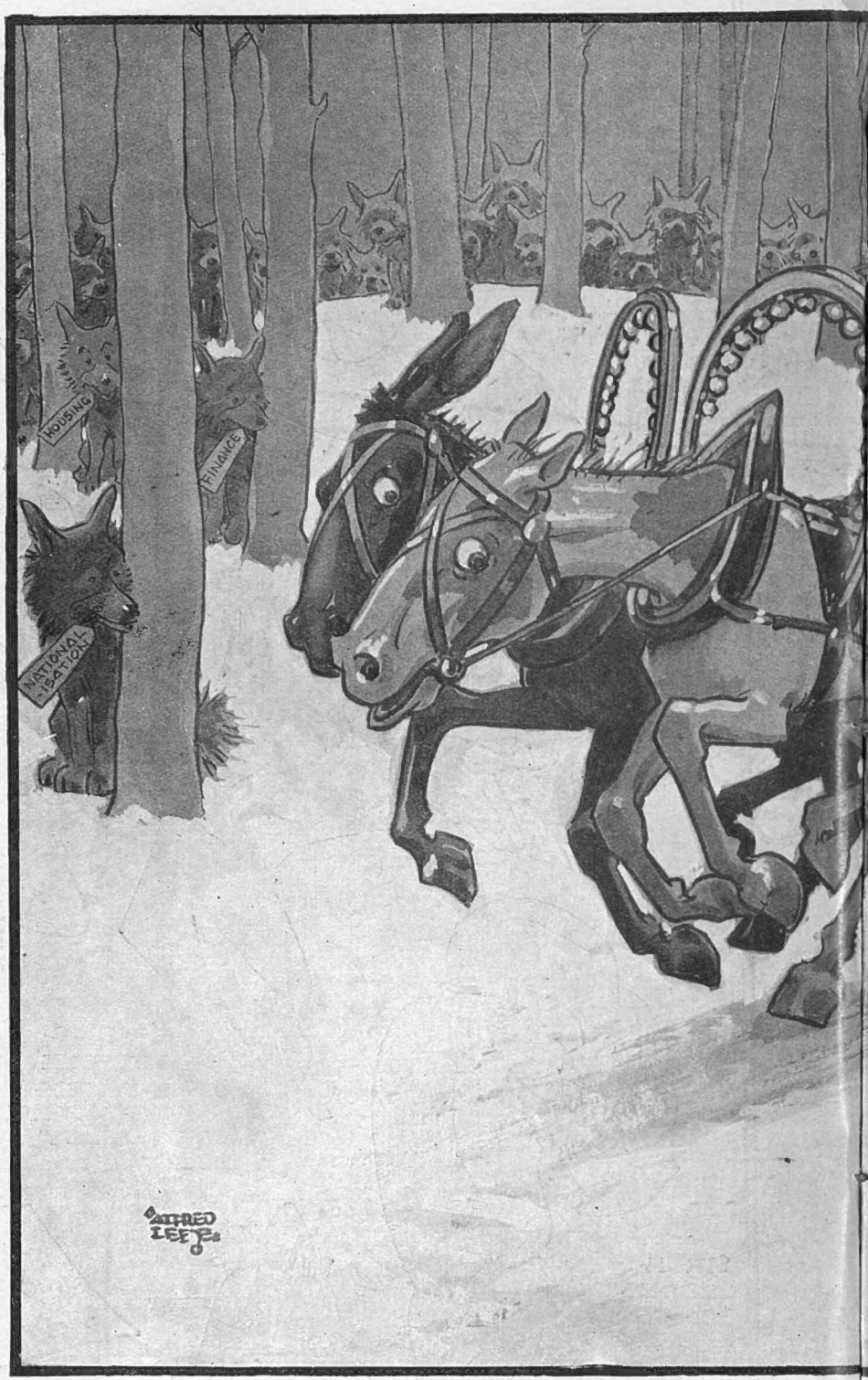
"Ow!" He grew silent. "I sees wot yer mean. Yer got a 'eadpiece arter all, Clarence. Well, that's that; 'ere's another chance of the workin' man gone ter (torridity). The pore bloke stays 'ere then, an' the prices stays 'ere, until we starts shipping gold. The Yanks wants their pound o' gold. Let 'em 'ave it. They can 'ave the filling in Mrs. Gawber's eye-tooth as was put in when she was in service at the dentist's."

Medical Hats

"AREN'T you going a bit far? Mrs. Gawber wouldn't like that."

"Ye can go an' bile yerself, young feller, see? I knows 'ow ter manage me ole woman. Cripes! I'll mike 'er corf up gold if I puts me mind ter it. I don't 'old with bein' sentimental about females. Give 'em votes, sez one; give 'em love, sez the other. I'd give 'em (fertilised) beans. It's wimmin orl the time; wimmin gives me the sick. See wot that female sawbones, Dr. Sloan Chesser, sez? If yer ole Dutch ain't feelin' tails up, buy 'er a 'at. 'Ats cures mopin'! Nuffin' like a 'at for corns.

The



Perilous Journey

LLOYD GEORGE: "Have we anything to throw to them in case of emergency, Bonar?" BY ALFRED LEETE

Jiminy Christmas! I dunno wot the (fetid) world is a comin' to. When I gets a broodin' abaht the dyes when I was young, do I 'op round fer a green felt with a feather? When a Coalition (bloater) comes round ter sye young Tom ain't bin ter school fer a week, do I drown me (fermenting) sorrer in a silk 'at with a mournin' band? Not me! I gets rid of my sorrer fer a bob (a pint o' porter, sixpence, an' sixpennorth o' gin; stir well, an' yer don't remember no more). An 'at fer Mrs. Gawber! I'd (exploding) well 'ave ter be barmy on me (rosy) crumpet. I'll buy 'er no (fiery) 'at. With a fice like Mrs. Gawber's the ony becomin' thing'd be a bag."

Nothing But The Truth (and So Say All of Us!)

AMBASSADOR VON LERSNER *(to President Deschanel)*: "Look here, it's not a bit of good any German Ambassadors coming to your silly allied countries until you take in this fundamental principle—that all Germans are free to commit any crime or outrage they may wish and, under no circumstances, to be called to account. That's what German Ambassadors are for!"

BY E. T. REED

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 9, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

WE thought we were at peace—but here we are right on the very brink of *the* biggest political bust-up there's been for ages! All the talk's about the Asquithian election. And where the cat jumps this week there's going to be fun—or that's what it looks like.

卐 卐

ALL the Carmelite guns are turned on the naughty extravagant Premier. He's simply *dancing* down the Road to Ruin. . . . He's horribly unconstitutional. . . . He's reckless. . . . He's out to catch votes when he ought to be lowering the grocer's bill. . . . He subverts, he even ignores the authority of Parliament. . . . And he is entirely destitute of "that calm, deep, moral courage, which is Mr. Asquith's greatest asset." . . .

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WHAT a baby game, this political one, *isn't* it? With, just to add the fashionable bizarre note, a touch of the asylum and its megalomania thrown in. There's no morality in War, as Napoleon said. But there really seems to be even less in politics, doesn't there? And, between you and me, I'm not at *all* sure it won't be *the* best thing that's happened for a long time—when they get a few more women into Parliament.

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LENT comes early in next week—it's a coming-on year, this Leap Year, altogether, you know, and fascinating letters have appeared already in January in the papers telling how "even in Norfolk" (a cold and eastern county) there's in bloom jasmine, wallflower, violet, aconite, snowdrop, periwinkle, primrose, hepatica, and scylla. . . .

"Street corners heaped with spring flowers"

"Oh! to be even the worse half of an American now there's been a war on"

AND there's a rush of big weddings and big dances ere Ramadan, the season of fasts, sets in. Suburban ladies of leisure—I wonder why the S.L.L. always possess such a lot of it, leisure, I mean?—have, of course, ear-marked Shrove Tuesday for a regular orgy of crowding and staring and pushing. Future dukes, young and handsome, whose wedding presents include ten thousand a year for life (as pin-money), cars, pearls, houses, hunters, and what not, don't get married every day. Nor nineteen-year-old future duchesses trail a dozen daffodil-clad bridesmaids behind them to the altar.

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THESE are great times, indeed. Some of us, by the way, aren't feeling much pinch, if we do live in the highest-taxed country in the world, the country that, as Lord Fisher says, fought most, lost most, spent most, and got the least out of the War of any nation.

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OH! to be even the worse half of an American now there's been a War on. The princely husband of the ex-Mrs. Leeds, so well-known here in London, and formerly blessed with hardly more than a few hundreds a year, is now the richest young royalty in Europe, with Spencer House as *pied à terre*—where formerly he sought hospitality of a royal aunt—and the positive pick of all the great English country houses going. While his bride has become "Highness," with the right of being curtseyed to and entertaining royals great and small *en intime*. Must fairly curdle her democratic blood, I don't think.

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ABOUT all these stories of multiplying pearls—don't advise you to acquire the pearl-breeding *habit*, so to speak. I've put mine all in a drawer

together every night of my life ever since I heard about their little ways, but do you think anything's happened? Not *one*, and they could have a whole rice-pudding every day of their lives if it'd encourage 'em in the least. While just to give them a heart I read out loud to my miniatures that tallest story

"Constant chewing petrifies the brain"

of all about pearls, set in a miniature, "which bred to such purpose that numbers of new baby pearls were discovered *disporting themselves under the glass.*" But again—nothing doing. Seems to show these *easy* ways of making a fortune aren't for everyone, doesn't it?

卐 卐

THAT reminds me, does the positive rush of what used to be called "great" ladies going into trade foreshadow our democratic future, or is it just to make two ends meet because of high prices and taxation? The very latest to open shop is Mrs. Fortescue, wife of the King's Librarian. Trading as Cintra, and looking the perfect type of mediæval Italian beauty, she sells antique Portuguese furniture, Italian brocades, reproductions of Holbein drawings in the Royal collection, cushions like Arabian Nights' dreams, and other articles of *vertu*. In addition, an expert caligraphist will design your book-plate, the address on your notepaper, your invitation-cards.

卐 卐

CINTRA'S seems, anyway, an original affair in shops. The society woman's ideas of commerce seldom run beyond the "little hat shop" limit, though, of course, Mrs. George Keppel and Lady Sarah Wilson and one or two other Victorians pioneered the house-decoration and furnishing method of aristocratically turning an honest penny.

"Love-y new hats"

卐 卐

WITH shops and street corners heaped with spring flowers, London's a quite pleasant abiding-place just now, if the "best" people *have* foregathered on the Riviera or in Algiers or Biarritz. *Real* pêche Melba's on the *menu* at Ciro's, and that does make the War seem over, doesn't it? And anyone can once again jolly well have all the butter they like—the only catch is, whether you can pay for it.

卐 卐

NOT sure, though, you know, whether the profiteer crowd haven't for once over-reached themselves in this small matter of the Englishman's butter. Five years of doing without, whether he liked it or not— has "lost him the habit." I guess the greediest of butter-hogs hardly consumes now more than, say, half a pound per week, so schooled have we been through the lean years to our one and two ounces a week. Which looks like retribution, or, anyway, getting just a *bit* of our own back, doesn't it?

卐 卐

I HOPE, though, the revival of the Englishman's butter-rights won't bring back again the fat woman of the past. The War *was* so good for her, and present-day bare-back fashions will show up her superfluities frightfully, won't they? Like most of the *clichés*, I don't think, you know, there's more than the merest *soupçon* of truth in the old Feed-the-Brute jibe that's been thrown at the coarser sex all down the ages. Men do at least leave off eating between meals, most of them, but go to any of the big sweet or cake shops any time of the day, or frequent a matinée or two, and you'll find some women *never* do. And if constant dripping wears away a stone, constant chewing, I'm *quite* certain, petrifies the brain.

卐 卐

MASSES of new plays and dances, masses of new divorces, masses of new books and new pictures and new bankrupts and some perfectly lovely new hats are massing up to welcome in the Spring. Will tell you about the latest of the plays and art shows next week. As to the spring hat, she is a flowerish creation. All through the War flowers as headgear, except in the most restrained imaginable form, were barred. Our War-springs, somehow, didn't make us feel that way, did they? But now there's a Peace on, even if we are all going to be ruined, got to be celebrated, hasn't it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

SNAPS *from the* SUNNY SOUTH

Photograph *Navello*
LORD ROSSLYN (on left)

Photographs *Topical*
LORD AND LADY ROCKSAVAGE ON THE POLO GROUND

Photograph *Topical*
MISS D. HANBURY WILLIAMS
Daughter of Mr. John Hanbury Williams

Photograph *Topical*
MISS ROSIE NEUMANN

Photograph *Navello*
(From left to right) LORD BEAVERBROOK, LADY ROTHERMERE, MRS. H. S. HORNE, AND LADY BEAVERBROOK

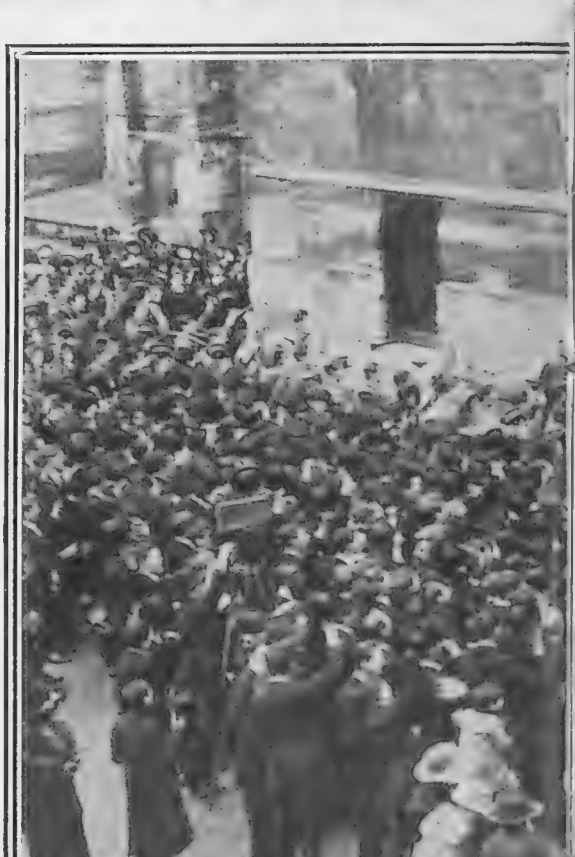
Photograph *Navello*
THE BARONNE DE VAUGHAN AND Mme. DE ASTORICA

A "Bystander" Pot-Pourri:

Photographs *Lallie Charles*

PRINCE CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE AND MRS. W. B. LEEDS

Whose wedding took place recently. The Prince is the youngest son of the late King George of Greece



Photograph

The scene is in the Eton College Quadrangle during the Prince's

Photograph *Topical*

MARSHAL JOFFRE ON HOLIDAY AT ST. MORITZ

The gallant Marshal starts off for a ride on a bob-sleigh accompanied by a merry party of admirers

Photograph

LORD JELLICOE

He is seen here with Sir Robert on board the "New Zealand."

Doings of the Week in Pictures

Daily Mirror

"THREE CHEERS" FOR THE PRINCE AT ETON
visit last week, and the Captain of the Oppidans (Mr. D. V. Shaw-Kennedy) is seen leading the cheers for the Prince after the speech-making

Central News

RETURNS
Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, He arrived at Portsmouth last week

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE PRINCE INSPECTS THE GUARD OF HONOUR
At Windsor on the occasion of the presentation to His Royal Highness of the Freedom of the Borough

Millinery for Mediterranean Shores

A GOWN AND CLOAK TO CHARM AWAY DULL CARE

Brightness and sunny southern skies are suggested by this tiny tulle toque, covered with gold cabochons and finished with a feathered tuft *(Janine: Talma Photograph)*

A new way to wear a shape resembling a Breton Sailor, fashioned in white velvet and flower-trimmed *(Juliette Bretagne: Talma Photograph)*

Paradise plumes trim this hat of fine straw, presaging a fashion of the early Spring *(Desclos: Talma Photograph)*

The jumper is apotheosised when adapted to a creation such as this, with short sleeves and a trimming of monkey fur to coquet with its dignified simplicity

A cape of old rose panne velvet, embroidered in gold and silver and having a kolinski sable collar, supreme in colour scheme and design

(Dorot and Josette Models: Manuel Pictures)

The Bystander in PARIS

"MARRIAGE." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

ONE has to be rather careful in France just now, at least, that is if one is a young Frenchman. The other day I have gone to call on our friend Agnès, who hurries to get married before Lent, and she has said so patronisingly, "Why do you not get married, Philippe?" *Peste*, it is the question that everyone asks, and it is of that that one has to be careful.

THERE is of marriage an epidemic far worse than ever the influenza has been. All one's friends who are not careful are already victims, like René, who marries Agnès, and those who resist like me are every day worried to death. When I point out to my father how difficult it is to pay for an expensive *apéritif* on the proceeds of literature, he replies: "You have enough to live on as a *garçon*. When you marry and settle down one will see. Now there are Charlotte and Marie Louise, both nice girls with a *dot* of a hundred thousand francs." *Et patati et patata!*

AND when one goes to call on one's aunts from whom one has expectations it is the same history. *Voilà, un tel!* who goes to marry with the daughter of some millionaire of the War, and *voilà!* another who has the chance to marry the daughter of the Baron de Quelque-chose.

"BUT, my aunts," I protest, "they are old and ugly, these brides. You would not have that I should give you a niece who had a moustache like the daughter of the Baron." Then they sigh and say how it is necessary for the France that everyone should marry and have large families.

ALWAYS it is that history. One made the War for the France, now one must marry and have many children for the France. You know, you fellows in England, who can do what you like in the marriage, have much to be thankful for. You have only to resist the girls who wish to marry you, but here, *ma foi!* one has to resist not only to the girls, but to all one's family and the whole tradition of one's country if one wishes to remain a bachelor.

SOMETIMES I have talked with English people on the subject of French marriages, and always they have enormous sympathy for the French girls, who must have a *dot* to marry well. It is, my friends, a waste of sympathy. In England a girl must be pretty to marry well, and I do not find that you give your sympathy to the plain ones.

"Then they sigh and say—"

"'When you marry, one will see,' said my father"

And regard how a good *dot* is more substantial in the marriage than a good complexion.

BUT English people never give any sympathy to the poor Frenchman who must marry some girl of whom his grandmother approves. Sometimes it needs much gilt to make that pill easy. And when once it is swallowed, then farewell the gay days and the beautiful nights.

ONE must become like one's father, and that seems very hard when one is twenty-four with the War behind one. For that is another thing that English people do not understand who criticise our family life and our system of marriage. It is the man who makes the sacrifice, not the woman.

THE woman gains by it her home, her liberty from the dullness of being a *jeune fille*, her children, everything that makes the life of a woman. But the poor man, what is it he gains? The comfort of the table, perhaps, if he selects a good cook, but after that *rien, rien, absolument rien.* He becomes a maker of money, one who works like a bee for the hive.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

He loses his liberty. Always he must think of his family. The poor fellow! Instead of to go when he wishes for his holiday he must go for an unendurable month to the seaside because it is good for the children. Sometimes, when I was young, I have seen how my father suffered the boredom at Paramé, where we have gone every year, and then I did not understand.

Now, when perhaps soon it will be my turn, how I have for him a great sympathy. And once a week the husband must take his wife to the theatre, which, perhaps, bores him very much, because he would so much rather be at the club to play bridge. Poor fellow, poor fellow! one grows for him more and more sympathetic as one considers his terrible fate. Oh, it is no paradise, the married life of a Frenchman. He must be so *convenable*.

And yet it is the absurdity that our fathers, who know all that, are begun altogether to urge that we shall marry. "It is for the France, my boy! for the France!" they say, and they put out their chests as if they had won the War. But you know there is just now so good an argument that we can make against them. "Find an apartment with the girl, *mon père!*" we say, because you know at this time that is an impossibility. They have begun to pull down the fortifications to build new houses, but that will be an affair of four or five years. So of that time at least we have a respite.

But somehow one never knows what will happen.

You remember the story I have told of Dominique Beauvau, how he has put an announcement in the papers that he will marry a woman who has an apartment of her own. He has had so many replies it has taken a whole day to sort them out. And the one who had the best apartment has been a widow with three children. Since we have had that adventure I had not seen Dominique till yesterday. I have thought he has run away to the Riviera. But no. Yesterday he has come again to my flat.

"It is no paradise, the married life of a Frenchman"

"*Eh bien*, old one!" I have asked, "do you go to marry the widow with the apartment and the three children?" Never have I expected that he would. But he has looked, and said much too loud, "*Certainment*, it is that I come to announce to you. Look you, old, when you marry you will have to find an apartment, and then you will have babies who will cry all night. But, *voilà!* I have an apartment and three babies already growing up. It is altogether a superior arrangement."

"The husband must take his wife to the theatre"

The tragedy of it is, too, that there is no other reason than that he wants an apartment that Dominique should marry. Once he has been the gayest fellow in the regiment, and now, *tout de suite*, he goes to become the father of three. In that there is more for thought about this epidemic of marriage. It seems that our poor fellows cannot resist.

But out of our discussion at the café on the subject has come a new resolution. Those of us who are left bachelors have agreed that we will strike for a 100 per cent. increase in the *dot*. It is reason. The life is three times more dear than before the War, and the men are scarce. Why, then, should we not have our little augmentation? And, above all, it is necessary, because the Republic has now a Minister who is to encourage everyone to have a big family.

My friends, sometimes one thinks that the future of our lives is very desolating.

PHILIPPE

One of those P. S. Titles!

William Busby, Esq., saved up for a Baronetcy, but found it ran to a Peerage for "Valuable Services in connection with the War," which sounds better than "did his duty—that's all"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Riviera Notes

IT happened the day of the Grand Prix. With one accord cooks, waiters, and *femmes de chambres* downed pans, napkins, and dusters, and started making a procession along the Promenade des Anglais. Some of them slipped up the backstairs again half an hour later, and began working by stealth. But there it is, our dear old familiar strike. The same on the Côte d'Azur as anywhere else.

THE archdeacon who has come from the Midlands to see the unsmoked sun made some remark about "every prospect pleasing and only man being vile." It seems he had learned it up to quote about the Casino, and took the extra chance of getting it off. But nobody paid any attention to him, for we were all wondering how in the world we would get lunch in time for the first race.

THE manager managed it. Somehow, you know, I never like hotel managers. They seem too much for my taste to follow that old advice the vicar quotes about being "all things to all men"; but this lad mobilised the remnants of his staff, and told them off for fatigue in a fashion that showed the master-mind. He told me afterwards he had been a sergeant-major in the War, so that explains things a bit. But the joy rampant of the business was when he conscripted George as a waiter. He didn't want volunteers, he said, he wanted help. So he cast his eye over George and half a dozen other likely lads who wouldn't take any injury from doing physical jerks between the courses. It was a brave and comely sight to see them each with his napkin bearing along the viands. George got uppish about it, and dashed around, trying to live up to the profession, shouting things like "*Un céleri au jus—un!*" in a hurry, till he tripped up and dropped a plate of cutlet bones on the table of the old lady who once saw Queen Victoria at Cannes and has complained ever since that things are not what they used to be.

TWO RIVIERA "KNUTS"

THE LATEST SHRIEK IN MEN'S—AND WOMEN'S—CLOTHES!

AFTER that George decided that he wouldn't wait at dinner, and the manager, like a silly ass, picked on me. But you don't want to hear about that. I thought the others rather overdid the ragging. And I didn't see anything particular to laugh about because the gentleman from Chicago tipped me ten francs for sticking to my job and not going on strike with my mates.

THESE little troubles apart, you know, this Riviera is L.G.'s land for heroes all right. George says he is going to write to the *Times*, and suggest putting it where

WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO PAY FOR HER TEA!

AN APÉRITIF BEFORE THE NICE RACES—GRAND PRIX DAY

Ireland is and sending Ireland to the Balkans. I think that is a silly idea, because nobody would stay in England then, but George is always having silly ideas. It takes a man of discretion to enjoy the Riviera, and George isn't like that. He keeps on dashing around trying to do everything as well as butle—golf, tennis, pigeon-shooting, dancing, racing, making excursions, taking Aunt Emily to the opera and the pictures and Margot to the lighter kind of French plays at the Municipal Casino, which she says she understands. George always slips out in the second act and has a little gamble.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE ON THE PROMENADES

PREPARING FOR THE THÉ DANSANT

For myself, I find it necessary to specialise. There are, for instance, the mornings. Of course, one can golf or play tennis, or even go walks, though goodness knows why one should leave England to do that sort of thing. But here one can sit in the sun and smell the lovely dust of the dry roads. If you have ever been you will know how everybody spends their first week talking about the mimosa. One quite admits the mimosa. But, by Jove! the smell of dusty roads in January! That's the stuff that makes the difference. I bet it hits home. There are the Alps in the background and the priceless old sea and all that, but clean dusty roads, my masters, in January!

And so we gather round a bit of scandal on the Promenade des Anglais in the morning and warm it in the sun till lunch. When there isn't any particular scandal about the other people in everyone's hotel we edit a complete "who's who" or compare all the places on the coast to the advantage of the one where we live. That is a sort of legitimate sport that I have known

RIVIERA NOTES (concluded)

continued in English country-houses on a wet Sunday when excitement was flagging.

In the afternoon things begin to get busy. I'm not one for hustle, as I have hinted, and I kind of came here for a rest from old London. Now, I don't want to be uppish, but London, my friends, is a pond compared to this spot. Margot says that she never knew how much she could do till she came. It is all kind of concentrated like Bovril. Some of us made a bet the other morning that the ubiquitous Shah, who is one of our latest lions, would drop a stone or two if he makes the course.

I don't know if it is the same orchestra fellows who dodge about from one place to another like a kind of will-o'-the-wisp, but there is no getting rid of them. If one drops in anywhere to have a kind of comforter there is certain to be a band with it and somebody doing steps. A surprising lot of our fellows are going around with a limp and a big stick as a kind of camouflage. I tried it myself, but Margot caught me in the Casino struggling along to the tables, and cried out, "Shirker!" so that I felt like a Cuthbert with the *Daily Mail* after him.

Now I must toddle along and fix up Aunt Emily in her favourite seat on the Promenade where she can see everybody she wants to and cut those she doesn't. George says I am a hypocrite because I agree with her that the short skirts are a disgrace. But George has an income equal to coming South on his own to bask his undeserving body in the priceless un.

Au revoir, and don't be jealous!

PIP

The Submerged *N*th

If I may be allowed to tell
A strange experience that befell
A man I know extremely well
A Mr. Hubert Hopper,
Who lives at Highgate in "The Nest,"
And works for Best and Smith and Best,
And always used to be well dressed
With trousers very neatly pressed,
And wore a shining topper——

I may? Oh, thank you. One fine day,
Dressed in his usual natty way,
This Mr. Hopper chanced to stray
Into a grimy purlieu,
Where suddenly—biff, bang—like that,
A roughish person knocked him flat,
And danced about upon his hat,
And said, "You curst aristocrat,
I'll adjective-well 'earl' you"!

Arising slowly and with pain,
My friend attempted to explain
How futile and in fact inane
The things the fellow said were:
Quite useless! With a beefy fist
He knocked him down again, and hissed
"You epithet capitalist!"
And ground into minuter grist
The fragments of his headwear.

Till finally, subdued and weak,
He managed from the floor to squeak,
"I only get four pounds a week":
"Lor lumme!" cried the hoodoo,
"And what's it for?" "I write with ink,"
Said Hopper, "and I sit and think."
"Then strike me purple, also pink,"
The rough man said, "We'll have a drink,
For I get more than you do!"

And after that the story ends—
The ruffian tried to make amends,
And picked him up, and said "Be friends!
I'm sure no harm or hurt is meant!"
They had a drink, or may be two,
And each acquired the other's view,
And Mr. Hopper now wears blue;
He also joined the *M. C. U.
(And this is an advertisement.)

*Middle Classes Union.

A. H. HILL.

IN THE LINGO
"How's things?"
"Oh, not so dusty!" By H. M. BATEMAN

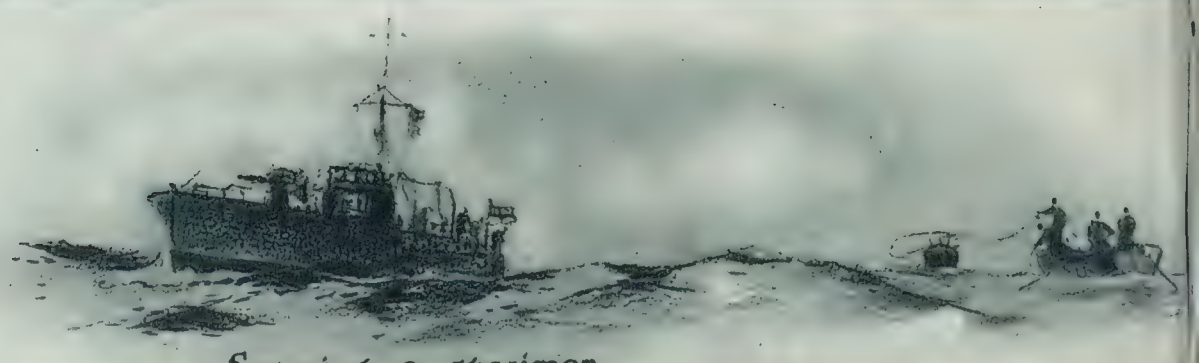
Cross-Atlantic Hospitality

HOST: "Say, what will you take, Bay Rum or Eau de Cologne?"

BY ALFRED LEETE

The A... of War a...

The War Time Hit or Miss Principle



Securing a specimen.

Of such an enormous extent were the barrages of mines which were laid in certain areas at sea that mine sweeping operations have been continuous ever since the Armistice was signed, notably on the north-east coast of Yorkshire and in the tract of ocean where the great barrage across the North Sea from the Shetlands was laid. The conditions under which the mine-sweepers now work, however, are very different from those which obtained during the war. The work is still dangerous, but, compared with what had to be done and the risks which had to be incurred before the war

ftermath the l Sea

Light Draught Craft—Were used to scout deserted mined areas

Stray Mines continue to be driven ashore

ended, the present business seems a mere picnic. The positions of mines which were sown are now known, and precautions can be exercised in approaching. Favourable weather gives aircraft a chance of "spotting" and of directing the operations of the sweepers. Light draught craft can deal with corners where mines may have drifted, a menace to in-shore activity. Risk is eliminated as far as possible both by the staff on the spot and by the D.M.S. of the Admiralty. Losses do still occur, of course,—in most cases from mines which have drifted out of place

BY FRANK H. MASON

Defrauding the Company

THE TALE OF A RAIL-ROAD "STUNT"

BY "NIMROD JUNIOR"

"Got the brief, 'Arry?"

'Arry produced a third-class return racing ticket and handed it over.

"'Ere you are, freeze on to it; and 'ere's the satchel too. But what's the concloosive evidence this time, Bert?"

"Spot o' blood," replied Bert, producing a pin from his waistcoat, with which he proceeded to prick his index finger till a tiny drop of blood appeared. Then he made a smear on the centre of the ticket where the two portions joined, tore it in half, put the "return" portion in his waistcoat pocket, and handed the other to 'Arry.

"Don't forget to prick your finger on the way 'ome," he said.

All this I noticed as I peeped round my *Sportsman*, in which I was studying the entries for the Market Castra Steeplechases and trying to find winners. Owing to the chatter of the other occupants of the carriage, Bert and 'Arry were, no doubt, speaking louder than they intended; but a glance at me showed that I was deep in my paper. There had been two other occupants of the carriage, when at the junction some six or seven followers of the turf, whose appearance did not convey the impression that it was their habit to travel first-class, burst in. Bert and 'Arry had planted themselves in the corner opposite me, and I soon gathered from their conversation that they were bookmakers on a small scale, operating "outside." I had little doubt their capital was small; but they looked lithe and lean, and as if they could run. But what was this particular ticket "ramp"? I had not the slightest doubt that the railway company were going to be "done in"; but how?

'Arry left the carriage as soon as the train pulled up at Market Castra, and was one of the first in the crowd to push through the barriers, at which two ticket-collectors were standing, giving up his ticket as he went. This I noticed; but in the meantime I had lost sight of Bert, who had got out just in front of me, and had disappeared down the platform with the satchel. I decided to see this little comedy through.

The stream of race-goers was beginning to run thin when he reappeared, and with easy nonchalance he nodded to the ticket-collector, and would have passed through the barrier. But a hand shot out and gripped him.

"'Ere, 'old 'ard; where are you goin' to? Ticket, please?"

"You've 'ad it once," said Bert, not turning a hair. "Don't you remember? I give up my brief, and then I finds I've left my satchel in the carriage. 'Go back and fetch it,' says you, 'I'll know you again,' so off I goes, and 'ere's my satchel," displaying it proudly.

"Won't wash, my lad," said the official. "I've not set eyes on you before. 'As this bloke been past you, Joe?" he asked his colleague.

"No," was the reply, "I shouldn't forget that lovely face."

"Alright, my lad," said the other ticket-collector, taking a firm hold of his collar, "you jist wait 'ere till these people have gone, and we'll 'ave a little quiet talk."

Bert became furious. "'Ow dare you detain me?" he roared. "I tell you I give up my brief, and you said you'd know me again. 'Ere, I demand to see the station-master."

"All right, my son," said the ticket-collector, "don't get excited. You'll see 'im fast enough. 'Ere 'e comes."

"What's all this row about?" asked the stationmaster, as he pushed through the curious little crowd.

"This man tried to pass through without a ticket," replied his subordinate.

"I didn't," said the indignant Bert, "I give up my brief, and then I remembers I'd forgot my satchel. He tells me 'e would remember me again, and that I was to go back and fetch it."

"I never said any such thing," said the ticket-collector, "I've never set eyes on 'im before."

"That'll do," said the station-master. "Fetch a policeman."

"'Arf a mo'" cried the victim, "I can prove it. Look, 'ere's the return 'arf. 'An look 'ere, too; there's a smear of blood on it. I pricked my finger in the train, I remember. 'Ere's the pin, and 'ere's the place," displaying a mark on a grimy finger that might have been anything but gore.

The station-master examined the ticket and handed it back.

"That's no evidence," he said.

"Yes it is," was the reply. "There'll be blood on the other 'arf. You jist look through yer tickets; then you'll see if I'm lying or not. That's fair, ain't it, mates?" he said, turning on the interested crowd round him.

The station-master gave the order, and sure enough there was the blood-stained duplicate.

"There!" said injured innocence. "What did I tell you? Swear a man's life away, you would," he said, glaring angrily at the dumbfounded collector. "I suppose I may go now?"

Permission was granted, and with head erect and triumphant mien, Bert departed.

The station-master gazed at the blood-stained ticket.

"Are you sure he did not pass through before and give this up?" he asked his two ticket-collectors.

"Sure," was the reply, "we should 'ave known 'im again for a certainty if he'd asked to go back," said Joe. "Got a pal to give this up; that's what 'e's done."

The station-master sighed and turned away.

Wifely Wisdom!

"Can your wife tell a lie?"
"Immediately it comes out of my mouth!"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

Medorah

AT THE ALHAMBRA

ADA REEVE AS MEDORAH

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a really regal display of beauty and magnificence. But a graceless creature was once bold enough to say that Heaven itself would be a little boring if nothing but perfection were to be found there. Similarly, a mere display of splendour cannot hope to move a wary audience to enthusiasm in the mundane sphere of the theatre. The story is thin enough, but the humour is positively attenuated. So, at least, these things were on the evening of my visit. It has to be noted, however, that the production must have cost an awful lot of money; and it is more than probable that by the time these lines are in print the management will have decided to spend upon the show the extra ninepence or so that will be required to make it amusing as well as spectacular.

JUST now, of course, it is easy to sympathise with managers who hesitate to hand out to their audiences a pleasing riot of humour. To begin with, there are only about a dozen permanent jokes in the world, and every new one must, therefore, be an ingenious variant of one of the originals; and these things don't grow on every gooseberry bush. Then, again, a number of interfering people have of late set themselves up as self-appointed Censors of the humour of musical plays, and have risen up on their hind legs and called for the suppression of jokes here and there on the ground that they are the kind of things that a modern girl would not care to let her mother hear. A manager, therefore, may well prefer to avoid the risk of making jokes, and shelter himself behind the unusual beauty of his production. Myself, I prefer managers who take their courage in both hands and confound the Pussyfoots of the drama, who aim to make this poor world a duller and a drabber place than it ever ought to be.

THE first scene is laid in Caravanistan, which is somewhere in the golden Orient of playful fancy. There are the wavy palms, and the lovely girls, and the gorgeous frocks, all of which make you fancy that, if the cost of living there is no higher than it is in smoky old London, and the rate of exchange will stand it, it would

be a rather fascinating place to move into. The Sultan of the district is a man with a great grief at his heart. All his daughters save one are nice and plump, and, therefore, marriageable. As everybody knows, Oriental literature is full of songs in which the infatuated lover apostrophises his mistress, not by writing a sonnet to her eyebrow, as Shakespeare has it, but by eulogising the undulatory glories of an ample bust. The Sultan's sorrow is caused by the fact that one of his daughters, Medorah to wit, is several pounds under weight, and he therefore proposes to Dadoolah, his confidential secretary, that Medorah shall be taken to America, in the hope that she will there be able to put on the necessary extra avoirdupois. As the boys used to say in the Army, what 'opes!

DADOOLAH has never heard of America, so, of course, he is still in ignorance as to who won the War. I once spoke to a distinguished Arab gentleman in the Sahara desert, through an interpreter, and on my telling him that I came from England, he enquired politely where that might be, as he had never heard of the place. For Dadoolah's benefit Medorah gives a rather happy definition of America as a land where whisky is forbidden, but you can always get it. The next act takes place in the hall of the Grand Hotel at Washington. The programme thoughtfully adds the letters, U.S.A., but I am told that there are about two hundred places called Washington in the U.S.A. I take it, however, that Washington, D.C., is the particular one referred to, especially as one of the first persons we meet there is the "American Ambassador." I don't know quite what the job of an American Ambassador at Washington can be, unless he is there to represent the American people, which Congress has long since ceased to do.

W.S. PERCY AS DADOOLAH.

MISS ADA REEVE, who is the Medorah of the piece, is much more at home as the dashing and lively singer in Washington, than as the languorous Eastern beauty of Caravanistan. In Washington she sings amusing ditties with a catchy chorus, which supply most of the little humour there is in the production. For the rest, she seems hardly at home in a part that calls for the restless rush and the rollicking fun of a high-spirited girl who looks as if she is doing it all for a lark. Mr. W. S. Percy, as Dadoolah, works miracles now and then by getting a little real fun out of his rather inane lines.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

MR. LESLIE STILES, who plays the part of the American Ambassador, is, of course, handicapped by circumstances. You don't expect such a responsible person to break out into a hornpipe, or to do a few Charlie Chaplin stunts, as he must necessarily be represented with all the dignity due to his exalted office. Thus, when the Ambassador is required to sing a rollicking piece of nonsense about what will happen when the world has gone "dry," Mr. Stiles delivers the goods with all the gravity of an operatic selection.

IN this act there is a quite remarkable dance by Miss Dithy Tarling and Mr. Harry Furniss. At one part of the turn each dancer bends double and hops up a flight of stairs on one foot, a feat which is alike a tribute to their art and their muscular development. If this sort of dancing is going to become popular, the girl of the future who is asked to sit out a dance on the stairs, will reply, cautiously, that she doesn't mind sitting it out, but that if she is in this way being lured on to performing one of those one-legged hops, she does not propose to be caught bending that way.

OF course, Medorah does not put on any flesh in America and she is therefore ineligible for a Caravanistan bride. But as she is too good to be wasted on the heathen anyway, it is fortunate that she falls in love with a young American, who follows her home after she has been called for by her angry father. The young and handsome American is represented by Mr. Jamieson Dodds, whose admirable voice is the leading feature of the musical part of the entertainment. And just as our hero is deploring the fact that alas! he will never set eyes on the girl again, she turns the corner of the street and everything ends happily.

THE love interest of the theme is, however, of the most sketchy, and at the moment of writing the production needs a few good jokes, whether they make His Grace of London laugh or not. One of the most humorous items on the programme is not connected with the performance on the stage at all. It is the sweet and guileless announcement that "a large assortment of American drinks may be obtained at the American Bar." But, as the poet has so aptly said in a moment of exalted inspiration—Perhaps not!

JINGLE.

In a Barrie Revival

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS JULIA JAMES

Who is playing the part of Lady Mary Lasenby in Sir James Barrie's "An Admirable Crichton," which was revived at the Royalty Theatre last week

Gentlemen All

BY FRANK ELIAS

A *Times* personal :—

Will any gentleman please employ another as Valet or other manservant? Single, 30; well educated, smart, and energetic.

He arrived last night. Of course, one couldn't open out in the usual way. "Up at six; call me seven-fifteen on the dot. I don't like my chaps to be late," and so on.

No. It had to be otherwise.

"Come along, old thing. . . . You must have been there just after my time, though *I* was in Skugg's house. . . . Ah, yes, I was nearly sent down for the same thing myself. . . . He was at Trinity, wasn't he? . . . You got your wings before most people, then. . . . All those courses made you think you were really back at school. I know the Infantry ones did . . . . Well, yes, I suppose one must. . . . That's my room there. Sling in some water when you are passing sometime. . . . What? Oh, any old time you like. . . . D'you care for tea in the morning? Sorry, I was forgetting. . . . And breakfast? —tea or coffee? . . . Oh, whatever *you* like. . . . Shake yourself in and toddle down for a bit of supper. . . . *That* door. Don't dress—I mean, oh, confound it! . . . Well, you know what I mean."

. . . . . .

(*The morning following*)

"Oh, I say, old bird, you shouldn't have bothered! In any case, I could have done quite well with cold. . . . Bath ready? What a chap you are for thinking of other people! . . . After you, you know. . . . What, you've had yours? . . . And, by Jove! how simply topping of you to have put my things in the press and then to get 'em out again. You know, you really oughtn't to have worried yourself. . . . Oh, yes, *I* am ready for breakfast. Point is, are you? . . . . Or do you like a run round the park first? . . . We can easily have it later. . . . Oh, but I say they've only laid one place! I suppose they thought I was having it in bed. But, really, now that I am here I think I will join you, if you don't mind. . . . What! It is *my* place that is laid? What rot! Sit down, old egg; sit down. . . . You do like porridge, don't you? . . . And what about bacon? . . . How do you propose to put in your time? . . . What? Thinking of staying in to iron some of my things on a lovely morning like this? My *dear* old son! Where are your clubs? . . . Hop along to the Tube, change into the District, and get out at Wimbledon. . . . You'll like the course. . . . Tell 'em that you are a friend of mine. . . . Wish I could come with you, but fact is I'm booked. . . . Promised to go down for a couple of days to my brother's place . . . . What! You don't want to go to Wimbledon? . . . . Going to stop in to pack my rags. . . . Well, of course, if you must. . . . But it will be an awful bore for you and I could easily do it myself. . . . Look here, *let me help!* . . ."

. . . . . .

"I say, you know, I don't like leaving you alone like this. It will be frightfully dull for you. . . . Oh, *you* don't know. . . . But *I've* lived here long enough to realise how fearfully feeding it is. . . . But, here! I say! I've got an idea. . . . I'm only going to my brother's. . . . He won't mind a pal at short notice. . . . Why shouldn't you come too? . . . You will? . . . Good man! . . . That fixes it. . . . Then I wonder if you'd mind sending him a wire saying I am bringing you, while I just toddle across to the bank. . . . Thanks awfully. . . . You're a topping good sport, you know. . . ."

. . . . . .

(*In the Station*)

"What! You've booked and got a seat! . . . You ass! You don't suppose I am going to let you go third! . . . Confound it, there is plenty of room in my carriage. . . . Come along in, and we'll pay the diff. . . ."

. . . . . .

(*At the Country House*)

"Look here, if you *will* go on putting out my things before I have time to open my bag I shall be leaving you to do it always. . . . You are getting me into slack habits, you know. . . . Most distressin'. . . . And you've left hardly any time for yourself to change. . . . Hop along. . . . What? my brother doesn't expect you to dine with him. . . . You're going to the kitchen. . . . Oh, well, if you *prefer* the grubby-handed. . . ."

. . . . . .

(*Later*)

"Well, since you take that line, I suppose I shall have to give in. . . . But remember, when you've been my valet for a week it will be *my* turn to valet you. . . . Night, night, old egg, and so many thanks."

GALATEA!

SHORT-SIGHTED COUNTRYMAN (*pointing to shop assistant*): "Lumme, Martha lass, that one moved!"

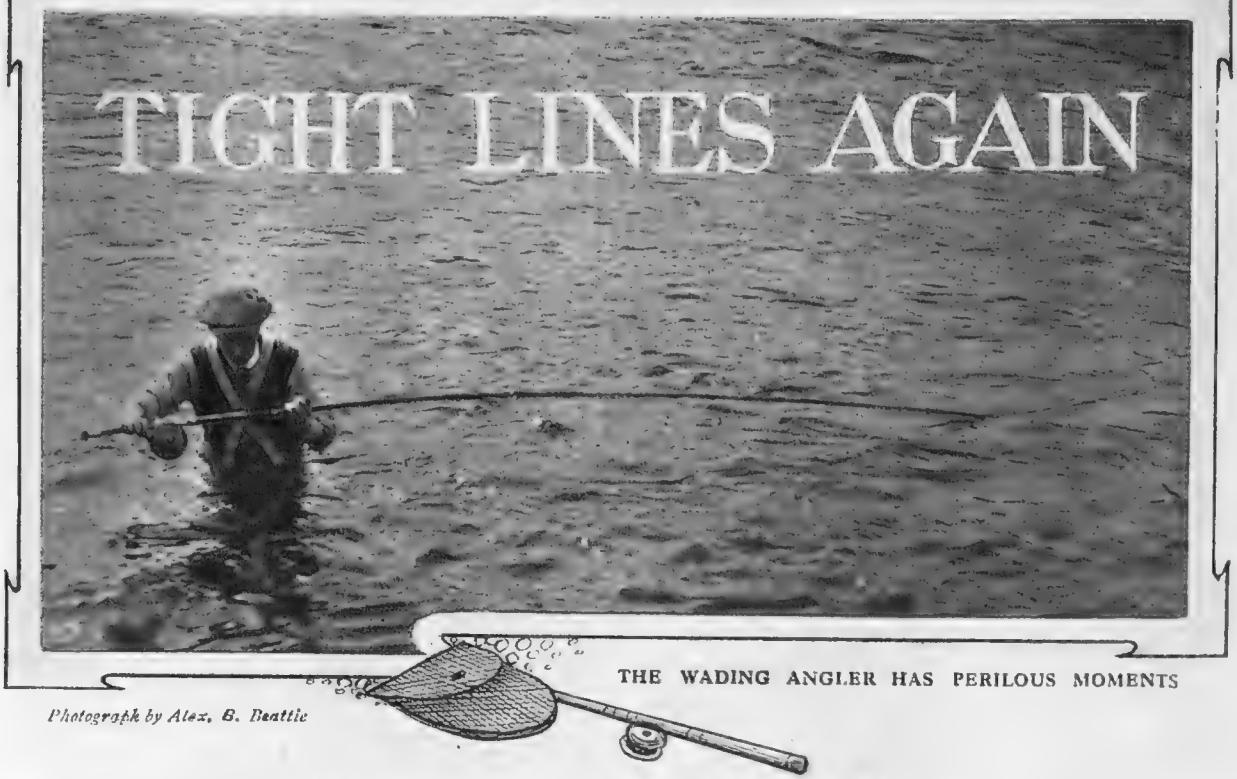
BY JOSEPH LEE

"Enjoyment!"

(1) Five Guineas a Minute
(2) Threepence an Hour

BY BERT THOMAS

TIGHT LINES AGAIN



THE WADING ANGLER HAS PERILOUS MOMENTS

Photograph by Alex. B. Beattie

SALMON FISHING—THE SEASON BEGINS

FEBRUARY is welcomed by no sportsman more enthusiastically than by the salmon angler. To him it brings the end of what Isaac Walton, in his old-fashioned phrase, called "the fence months"—the close season.

The trout fisherman, starting nearly a month later than the salmon angler, begins his sport in a world at Springtide—a world of urgent buds and incipient bird-song. To the salmon angler in February, Nature offers only the perennial greenery of the firs, the cries of the wheeling peewits, and the song of the white-vested dipper. Snow still lies by the sheltering dyke-sides, the river runs fuller than in summer, and the angler is not wading very long before he realises the intensity of the chilliness in its waters.

But the salmon angler, out on this first of fishing days, is an enthusiast. For months past he has been preparing and inspecting his outfit. The unattractive landscape, the chill waters, engender no gloom in his spirit. As he wades in and makes his first cast, the weak sunshine seems brighter because his hope is high.

An hour or two passes and little happens. The river seems untenanted by the silver-mailed fish with whom the angler would do battle. Is this first day to be a miserably blank one? Doubts arise in the angler's mind. Mentally he reviews his chances and prospects. The low temperature of the water is probably against good sport. Or has this pool lost favour with the salmon since last year? Would a change of lure be any good?

Photograph *Alex. B. Beattie*

THE END OF THE ARGUMENT

Then events crowd. Before he realises it almost, the angler has "struck" a fish and the first fight of a new angling season has begun.

A moment of puzzled hesitation as to what has happened, and then the fish is off on a wild charge across the pool, while the whirring reel pays out line. The rush spends itself, and the angler feels a tugging, jigging motion on the line. He keeps on pressure. Then the fish jumps clear from the water. The rod-point dips in counter-move, but when the fish regains his element he finds the relentless strain still on. Apparently disheartened, he swims for a little in such a way as enables the angler to recover line. Roused again by the tireless control of the rod, the fish bolts off on another, but shorter, rush and finishes it with a neat leap. That, too, is met and countered by the angler, who is keeping a position always as nearly parallel to his quarry as possible.

A "DING-DONG" BATTLE

Presently the angler receives reinforcements. A keeper, gaff in hand, moves quietly forward. Alert, but stoical, he waits his opportunity.

The angler is now advancing the rod-butt, and the fish is gradually manœuvred towards the gaffsman. Then the end comes. The gaff flashes in the mild sunshine, there is a mighty splashing beside the keeper, and a salmon of about fifteen pounds is safely landed.

A moment later the angler's mind is relieved from a fear that he has caught a "kelt"—a foul salmon which would have to be returned to the river—by the keeper's cheery verdict of:

"A nice, clean fish, sir!"

And, regardless of "Pussyfoot's" dusty philosophy, from "a teeny, weeny flagon of the rale Glenleevit" is poured libation to the river-god for this first of fish in a new angling season.

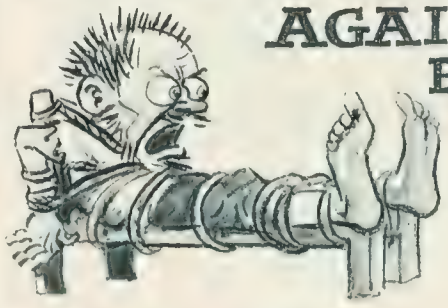
F. E. Clifton.

Photographs . *Alex. B. Beattie*

MR. ALEXANDER EDWARD

Of Sanquhar and Kintail—a well-known and expert angler on the Spey

A BALLAD AGAINST BOLSHEVISM.



By REGINALD ARKELL

SKETCHES BY ALFRED LEETE

When first the Bolshevist began
To sprinkle happiness on man,
He murdered men and women, too;
But not as you or I would do.

No Bolshevist would ever slay
His victim in the good old way;
He does not take the beaten road,
Outlined in murder *à la mode*.

Myself, I never take a life,
Unless I use a carving knife.
(Be sure you sharpen it enough,
The victim may be rather tough!)

I may be squeamish, but I feel
That squashing babies with your heel,
Must rank among the lesser flaws
That mar the beauty of a Cause.

I deprecate those cubist crooks
Who poison folk with fishing-hooks:
The criminal I have in mind
Is not a credit to his kind.

Quite frankly, I am not surprised
That Bolshevists are ostracised.
They had no business to begin
Their strange new syncopated sin.

Practical Clairvoyance

ABSENT-MINDED CRYSTAL GAZER TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE FOR HIM

BY HEATH ROBINSON

Temples of Terpsichore: "For the New Poor"

This is the kind of Dance Club that ought, obviously, to be encouraged. Possessed of a floor not too big nor too small, but just sufficiently *intime* to be comfortable, a good band, and well-supplied *buffet*, this club is one to which it doesn't cost a fortune to belong, and prices generally are adjusted to the purses of those present-day aristocrats, the new poor

BY HELEN McKIE

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

No. XVI.—"Reggie" on the Bard of Avon

"AFTER all," I said, "when one thinks of the priceless national possession we have in Shakespeare it is amazing that . . ."

"My dear old thing, you make me feel a little tired, you really do. People are constantly bleating about the neglect of Shakespeare and writing to the papers saying what a hopeless lot we are for not paying more attention to the Bard of Avon. And then when some rash actor-manager, bemused by the clamour of the highbrows, puts on one of the dear old pieces, the gentlemen who have made all the fuss beg or buy tickets for the latest revue, and rely on the uncultured masses filling the theatre where the classical stuff is to be seen.

"If you ask me, I think the Shakespeare business is very much overdone. William lived quite a long time ago. He's had a pretty long run. Why should he expect to be as popular now as he was in the days when he took his gin and bitters with rare old Ben Jonson? Why should he expect to go on running for ever when *Chu Chin Chow* hasn't yet knocked up its first century? Lots of our dramatists of to-day haven't been played at all. Nobody can accuse me of being unnecessarily democratic, but 'pon me soul I shouldn't blame the literary gentlemen of to-day if they formed a Trade Union and demanded to have William frozen out until they'd had a look in themselves.

"Mind you, I've nothing to say against Shakespeare as such. I've even read parts of him, which is more than lots of his ardent and clamorous admirers can say. He's been a tower of strength to this country, there's no doubt about that. He's the one thing that made the Germans ponder. They couldn't figure out how we'd produced him. I remember a wire-haired Graf Von und Zu Something-or-Other who explained to me years ago in Berlin, with lager tears in his voice, that it was impossible to believe that Shakespeare was English because he played so well in German. To get out of the difficulty they finally persuaded themselves that our own Big Willie was a Hun, and this being done, the last obstacle to war was removed.

"But all the same, and in spite of the sweet and sympathetic statue with the twisted Jacobean legs in Leicester Square, I feel that the Shakespeare stunt is pushed a little too far. Once a thing gets into the hands of highbrows anything may happen. It marks you out as a feller of fine intellect to bemoan that there's not enough Shakespeare to go round. Consequently you can always find critics and things who are moaning at the bar because the show they are seeing is called, 'Oh, Henry!' or something of the kind, instead of *Henry the Eighth*. I've always got a sort of feeling that Willie must be chuckling at them as he sits away up in the Elysian Fields, taking the local substitute for gin and bitters with his old friend Ben. The fine old literary toughs of the 'Mermaid Tavern' had no highbrow illusions. They weren't always wailing that Aristophanes never got a look-in at the old Globe Theatre. They turned out the stuff themselves, between drinks, and no doubt there were lots of Elizabethan highbrows who regretted that such modern tinkly rubbish as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* should be produced, when you could go to the ancients and get fine crusted stuff that had been hall-marked by the approval of centuries."

"Yes, but you're contradicting yourself slightly, Reggie. If . . ."

"Not at all. You're the only feller who contradicts in this assembly. I'm saying that I've considerable admiration for Shakespeare. Surely that's enthusiastic enough for anybody. But I protest that what's all very well as a flavouring mustn't be made the family joint. Suppose the Bolsheviki, or viks or vists, or whatever they are, came suddenly into power, and decreed that in future no plays should be given except such as were written by the proletarian dramatist Shakespeare? What would London have to say to it? Imagine our playgoing public finding *Antony and Cleopatra* at the

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (*concluded*)

Hippodrome, *Timon of Athens* at the Pavilion, the *Merchant of Venice* at the Haymarket, and so on! In no time there'd be a counter-revolution against the horrors of Bolshevik rule. The enraged populace would hurl oranges at Falstaff and whistle rag-time at the Duke of Gloucester. And though the Bolshies might at first settle such a literary discussion by means of machine guns, they'd soon realise that in order to keep the populace contented and make their show a success they'd have to make a radical change, and see to it that the dramatic bones they threw to the populace had frills on them.

The artist feller doesn't think he's got to paint a Giaconda before he can send pretty pictures to the magazine. The architect doesn't expect to win his square and compasses by designing a Leaning Tower of Pisa. And the Harley Street man doesn't take a course in mediæval love philtres in order to learn how to charge five guineas for saying 'Good-morning' twice. All these people are content to live in the present. Then why should the actor think it necessary to his reputation to dig about in the dusty past and say, 'Alas, poor Yorick!'? Does playing Hamlet with Ophelia help a chap in the art of embracing Miss Gladys Cooper?

"A Revue called 'Hullo, Hamlet'"

"But in this matter of Shakespeare it's not only the literary highbrows we have to contend with. The actor fellers are also much to blame. Apparently, no actor who's been lucky enough to get some other feller's bank-balance behind him, thinks he's really done his bit to the public until he's trotted up and down the stage as Hamlet. He may have made pots of money and fame doing *Charley's Aunt* stunts, and that sort of thing. But he feels that his career is a hollow mockery until he's had a shot at the Gloomy Dane, and skewered the famous rat that lives behind the arras.

"Now, why should this be so? It doesn't exist in any other art or profession. The novelist doesn't begin by writing "Don Quixote." I don't see it. Any feller could do that without first suffering from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

"No, the thing to do with Shakespeare is to make it a sort of punishment. If any manager puts on a revue that makes you feel more than ordinarily tired; or a so-called French farce that contains more than twelve pairs of doors opening at once, then let a Council of Twelve or something of the kind step in and give him the choice between *Romeo and Juliet* or *Measure for Measure*. And for particularly flagrant cases, such as plays which show us precocious youngsters dictating to their aged parents, or the dear old Eternal Triangle, why then inflict the severest sentence possible, and let Messrs. Martin Harvey and William Archer take round a sort of *lettre de cachet* ordering the offender to play Hamlet. He probably would—with the deputation.

"There is a great deal of difference between a popular favourite electing to play Hamlet because his soul cries out for it, and having to play it because popular opinion has, if I may so express it, slipped it across him. Instead of reading letters in the papers beginning, 'It is a great scandal that in this, the something century, the works of our immortal Shakespeare are not given fuller, etc., etc.' we should read something like the following: 'As is generally known, a month ago Mr. Aubrey Blenkinsop was ordered by the Council of Twelve to play Hamlet, he having produced an American crook drama in which nine people were shot and the survivors all used the phrase, *Say kid, cut out the sob stuff*. After various undignified attempts to evade his sentence, this actor-manager now announces that he cannot possibly produce Shakespeare's immortal work, as his calves are much too thin for him to be able to adopt with dignity the costume traditionally associated with the part. He has, therefore, submitted two alternatives: either that he should be allowed to produce a revue, called *Hullo, Hamlet*, or that he should be permitted to play the part of the Gloomy Dane in trousers. Both these unworthy suggestions have been severely turned down. Meanwhile the Sock and Buskin Theatre remains untenanted.' "

"That would be the sort of merchandise to give 'em, my lad. We should soon find. . . ."

"Yes, that's just what I'm wondering, Reggie. What *should* we find?"

"Well, the fact is, old thing, I'm not quite clear about the answer myself. But there's one thing that's quite certain, which is that sometime or other good old Will wrote something which exactly fits the occasion, if only we could put our hands on the quotation."

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Birds and Beasts of Our Time

No. I.—"THE NITT JUMPERITIS"

FOUND IN THE BRITISH ISLES: MAKES A CURIOUS CLICKING NOISE

BY LAURIE TAYLER

Eau de Cologne

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

Not the sort which we send by post to friends at home for the fun of making them pay the duty to the postman, or which other people's wives urge us to try and smuggle past the Customs for them when we demob. Not any one of the dozen or so odd varieties, each of which shrieks its claim to be absolutely the original article, and points out, with encouraging frankness, the perils of buying any of the other people's varieties. These all interested us before Christmas: since the season of Bradbury extraction *in excelsis*, we have been preoccupied with the real thing, Kolnisches Wasser from the local rivulet.

For Father Rhine, after enduring quietly twelve months of Allied Occupation, allowed his gorge—and his waters—to rise against us, on finding we were still here, and he has made a very creditable effort to wash us out. According to the Oldest Inhabitant—the river reached a height unknown since 1840!

During the week-end, thousands of Rhinelanders gratified their passion for looking on, by staring for hours at the spectacle of the main roadway awash from the Hohenzollern Bridge to the Suspension Bridge, and watching the water lap the ground-floor window-sills of some of the old houses on its banks.

In a side street a number of Germans waded into the stream to assist a British car that had got stuck with water in the engines. One particularly portly Hun constituted himself a sort of local Kaiser, and, from a place of safety, urged his suffering compatriots to greater effort, till, according to precedent, they finally revolted and urged him to come in and try it himself! Goaded by the jeers of the crowd the fat gentleman finally consented, and, as he gave the car one mighty shove from behind, loud were the shouts of delight as he completed the analogy with his Imperial prototype by slipping up and falling—with a terrific splash—in the muddy stream.

"Eau de Cologne"

So rapid was the rise that some people who had walked to a point of vantage through water that barely covered the soles of their boots, found themselves by midday faced by the prospect of walking in up to their ankles to get back. Three or four Tommies were among the isolated. One of them, who was wearing a magnificent pair of boots, gum, knee, carried his comrades to safety. As he departed with the last one, a female voice murmured something about the strength of the Engländer! The rescuer was seized with an idea, and the Fräulein simultaneously by the rescuer. Despite protests, the embarrassed damsel had to climb on his back and be rescued. Not to be outdone in gallantry, his gumbootless pals promptly joined him in carrying the remaining distressed damsels, to the delight of hundreds of onlookers, and the gloomy despair of their male escort, who were neither offered a lift themselves, nor permitted to make a belated rescue of their fair ones. The latter seemed rather overpowered by the interest taken in their trip by the crowd, but the situation might have been worse: since the end of the blockade, silk stockings and all sorts of indescribable but delightfully conceivable, foaming things have come in from Paris; it was Sunday morning and—well, the fortunate possessor of a neat pair of ankles really had nothing to complain of. Nor, may it be said had any Bystander—certainly not he in Occupation

"Carrying the remaining distressed damsels"

After Golf—
—A Mustard Bath

A HOT bath after steady exercise in the open is always good, but it is nothing to be compared with the luxurious comfort of a Mustard-all-over-bath.

The smoothness of the water, the warm glow of renewed circulation, the suppling effect to limb and joint, and the invigorating tonic to the whole system, make it a real beneficial pleasure.

Colman's Bath Mustard

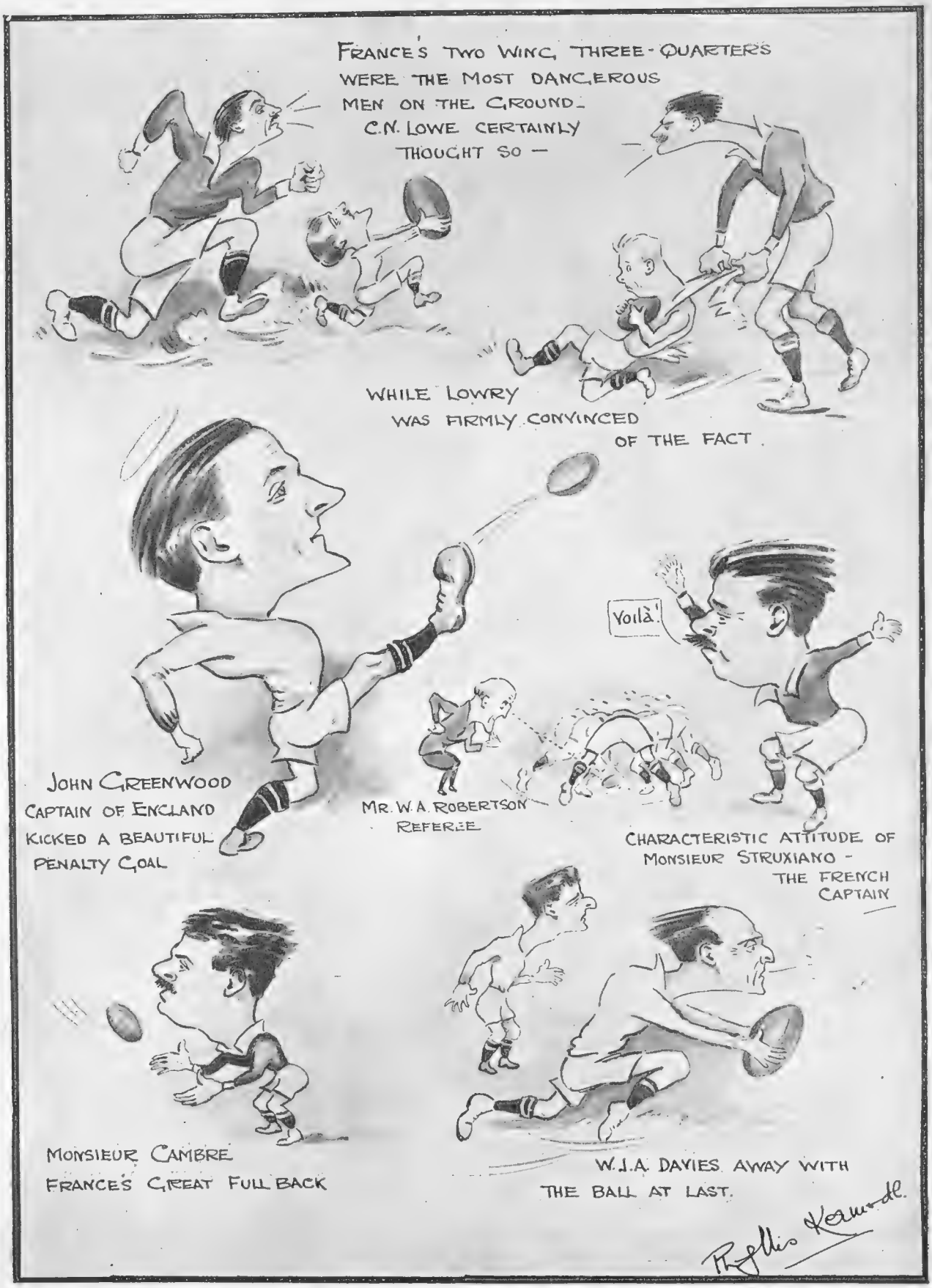
Use Colman's Bath Mustard especially put up for the bath. Or simply take two or three tablespoonfuls of Colman's Mustard, mix it with a little cold water and stir it round in your bath.

An interesting booklet by Raymond Blathwayt will be sent free of charge on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich.

"Let Master Mistard prepare your bath."

France Nearly Succeeds

IN DEFEATING AN ENGLAND INTERNATIONAL FIFTEEN



But France didn't do it—quite, and England won the tenth encounter with a French International Fifteen at Twickenham by 8 points (one goal and one penalty goal) to 3 points (one try). England's win was due to good forward play, an individually brilliant effort on the part of Davies, and Greenwood's sound place-kicking. But it was "anybody's game" well on into the second half

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

GAMES & PASTIMES

Photograph] A ROUND ON THE RIVIERA [*Topical*

The ninth green on the golf course at Cannes, where those who are fortunate enough to be able to winter on the *Côte d'Azur* can enjoy their golf amid picturesque and pleasant surroundings

RUGBY FOOTBALL

"Vive la France!"

THERE can be no question that France, as a Rugby football playing nation, has "arrived." This was made plain to those who may have been somewhat sceptical on the point in the recent International match between England and France at Twickenham, in which England were, perhaps, a trifle lucky to finish up with a lead of three points. Where the French have improved most is in tackling and defensive work generally, while in attack they have learnt the value of combination. In this recent encounter there was no department of the game in which England can be said to have been manifestly superior, except, perhaps, in the forward rushes; here the French seemed, curiously enough, to be lacking in the dash which one would have expected of them; but in scrummage work they were quite well versed, and their heeling was quickly and cleanly done. Of the backs, Cambre, at full back, was a tower of strength; his kicking, fielding, and tackling were admirable. The pace of the two wing three-quarters, Serre and Jaurreguy, was also a great asset; they were fast enough to prove a match, and perhaps more than a match, for two such speedy runners as Lowe and Lowry on the English wing. In fact, the Irishman who said that they were all four too fast for each other sized up the situation to a nicety.

England's Shortcomings.

IT must, of course, be admitted that the English team were not up to the International standard of pre-war days. The weak link in the chain of attack was the link between the stand-off half-back and the three-quarters. For this I am not at all sure that the centres were wholly to blame; Davies, brilliant player though he is, is not an easy man to play behind; he runs straight and makes the opening very cleverly, but his passing is apparently as baffling to his friends as it is to his enemies. It was partly owing to this that the Frenchmen scored their only try. On the other hand, it was also a clever piece of individualism on his part which gave our men their only try. Centres more accustomed to playing behind him would soon learn to adapt themselves to the originality of his methods and profit thereby. But he is altogether too good a man to leave out, and I am glad that he has a place in the team against Ireland.

Photograph THE ARMY RUGBY FOOTBALL FIFTEEN *Sport and General*

Who gained such a decisive victory over Oxford University at Queen's Club on the Wednesday of last week, after a game which looked at one time like being evenly fought. The ultimate score in favour of the winners was four goals and ten tries (50 points) to three tries (9 points). Oxford had only four Blues playing

GAMES AND PASTIMES (continued)

Oxford Come a Cropper

ALTHOUGH, with the 'Varsity match over and done with, the present term at the 'Varsities is less important from a Rugby point of view than its predecessor, yet it is never too soon to begin looking ahead, and the matches played this term will quite likely have an important bearing on the formation of the teams next October. Oxford began the term remarkably well; they beat Bart's, one of the two strongest of the hospital sides, and also the United Hospitals, but on Wednesday last Oxford came a terrible cropper against the Army at Queen's Club. It is true that they had only four Blues playing, but it must be a long time since any 'Varsity side has had a score of fifty points piled up against it. The curious thing about the game was that for a time Oxford did quite well, and the fact that they scored three times shows that they were not by any means deficient in attacking power, but their defence collapsed so badly in the second half that the Army were able to score practically whenever they got the ball. One has been waiting for weeks for the Army to find their form; they certainly found it in this match.

Photograph *L.E.A.*

THE DUKE OF LEEDS

Who has been elected Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron in succession to the late Marquis of Ormonde

How it Happened

OXFORD, however, can do better than this. What they appear to be most in need of is a few heavy forwards. Their collapse on Wednesday was occasioned mainly by the vastly superior weight of the Army forwards. Behind the scrummage they have the nucleus of a good back division. G. B. Crole, the new captain, has gained his Scottish cap; V. R. Price (to whose good form I had occasion to refer last week) will also get a cap before long. Of the many places in which, as the general utility man of the team, he has played at various times, centre three-quarter is the one that suits him best. Quite as good on the wing as Price is in the centre is G. F. Wood, who runs at a tremendous pace and is a very difficult man to stop. He has been tried in the English trials, and should be tried again.

(*Continued on page 388*)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

"Victory"

To meet the many requests, a reproduction of this picture is now published in colour, 17" by 12" at 1/-

AMONGST THE PROFITS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE large fat man stepped into the five thousand guinea Rolls-Royce, and lighting his five shilling cigar, turned up the collar of his five hundred guinea fur coat and flung himself back on the sumptuous cushions.

"Drive to the nearest Profiteering Tribunal," commanded the large fat man. "I want something to laugh at till six o'clock, when I can buy some more champagne."

And the great car stole silently away.

"Who is that?" I asked an awestruck policeman.

"That?" he repeated, in astonishment, "Do you mean to say you don't know 'im? That's — made millions in whisky, during the war, 'e did."

I inquired the nearest way to the Tribunal.

In the front row of the seats allotted to the public sat several large fat men, with red faces, and fat red hands. Massive gold chains festooned their massive stomachs, and as they listened to the plaints they chuckled apoplectically until they quivered like huge expressive jellies.

"The Tribunal is of opinion that a gross over-charge has been made," boomed the chairman's voice, and the small trader in the dock became pallid with apprehension. "The sum of 2½d., which represents a conscienceless overcharge, must be refunded to the complainant, whom we congratulate on his courage in bringing this nefarious case before us."

I lost interest and dozed.

* * * * * * * * * *

I woke with a start.

An indescribable change had come over the scene.

The dock was tenanted by large, fat men, who clutched the rail nervously with their coarse bejewelled hands.

Again the Chairman's voice rang out, but this time it sounded like the voice of doves.

"You," he pronounced, addressing the first trembling wretch, "have been proved to have made a war profit of many millions, wrung out of your fellow-countrymen in their necessity. That you are a distiller and that the Government is sharing profits with you is no defence. You," he turned to the next, "confess to a war profit of many millions wrung out of the housewives of the nation while their men were at war. That you deal in cotton and that the Government shares with you by the Excess Profit Tax is no defence. You——"

But the moans and screams for mercy became so loud that I woke from the dream within a dream.

* * * * * * * * * * *

How long are we going to submit these fantastic interferences with liberty? The prices charged by this House for Lounge Suits vary from ten to sixteen guineas. A charge of profiteering would be welcomed, and then the Profiteering Tribunal may be promised the time of their lives.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

Sketching——

Have you never tried to Sketch? Perhaps, at times, you have *wished* you could Draw the interesting types you encounter in the day's march. To be able to Draw is a wonderful joy and a Hobby of absorbing interest. It may even become a source of Income. If you are interested in Sketching as a Hobby, or as a Career, I would like you to know all about my two Postal Courses. They teach Drawing in a natural, joyous way.

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My PREPARATORY COURSE is for the raw Beginner and those who may never have Drawn before. It starts *easily* with simple outline Studies from Nature.

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The Sketches which illustrate this advertisement are the work of a former Pupil who is now a prospering Character Artist. Copy them or send an Original Drawing (preferred) when I will forward you a helpful Criticism *and* my new Prospectus, etc, quite free. A post-card *alone* will bring you the Advisory Staff Brochure & Prospectus. Write to me personally:—Percy V. Bradshaw Principal.

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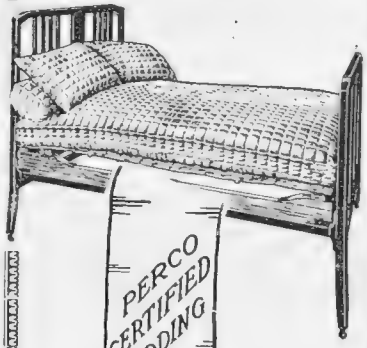

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GAMES AND PASTIMES (concluded)

Another player of whom we shall hear more in the future is Hedges, a stand-off half-back with a clever pair of hands. Hedges, by the way, was the only one of these four men who was playing last Wednesday.

YACHTING

The America Cup

It is satisfactory that after some negotiation it has been found possible to agree upon dates and a *venue* acceptable to both sides for the forthcoming races for the America Cup. The old course off Sandy Hook will again be used, and the dates for the first three races will (bar postponements on account of weather) be July 15, 17, and 20. The winner will be the boat that wins three races out of five, and, consequently, the destination of the Cup may possibly be settled on these three days, but, if it is not, racing will be continued on July 22 and (if necessary) July 24. It will be remembered that the races arranged for in 1914 did not come off owing to the War, and since that year the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV.* and the two boats, *Vanitie* and *Resolute*, one of which would ultimately have been chosen to defend the Cup against her, have been laid up in America.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

DID THE REFEREE SEE IT?

This picture taken during the Cup-tie betweenTottenham Hotspur and West Stanley shows the West Stanley goalkeeper tackling the Tottenham centre forward in Rugby fashion, which appears to show that the player, eager to save his goal, must have momentarily lost his head

Preparations

All three boats will start getting into trim in May, and there will be ample time for a series of trial races between *Vanitie* and *Resolute*, for the New York Yacht Club have not got to nominate the defender until a week before the first race. I have read somewhere that a reduction of *Shamrock's* original sail-plan is contemplated with a view to curtailing the time allowance which she will have to give, which reminds one that Lord Dunraven once spoilt the best chance he ever had of lifting the Cup with one of his *Valkyries* by altering her trim after she had reached the other side. Let us hope that history will not repeat itself. H. S. S.

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Order a box to-day from any high-class tobacconist. 100/- per 100 in 100's or a sample box of 25 for 26/3.

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Famous Riders to Hounds

SOME PERSONALITIES WELL KNOWN IN THE HUNTING FIELD

FROM COVERTSIDE TO THE ALTAR

Lady Dalmeny and Capt. Robert Brassey, whose approaching marriage is announced, are both devoted to fox-hunting. Capt. Brassey is the Master of the Heythrop. Lady Dalmeny is a keen rider to hounds

THE MARQUIS DE LA PASTURE, M.C.

Who has been hunting with the Ledbury this season. His sister is Lady Bullough, wife of the M.F.H.

Photographs *Central News*

A DAY OFF FROM WHITEHALL—MR. WALTER LONG

First Lord of the Admiralty, out with the Avon Vale Hounds. On the right is his daughter, Mrs. Cooper, and on the left Major W. Horace Mann

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Mr. Anthony's National Mount

A REPORT is current, as I write, that Mr. Jack Anthony is likely to ride Troytown in the Grand National. No better jockey could be secured for this remarkably promising young Irish horse. I call Troytown "promising," in spite of the fact that he has already accomplished something great by winning the premier steeplechase of France. He has not yet had the chance of adding his name to the list of Grand National heroes.

Will He Win?

ONLY seven years old, he has plenty of time to achieve that distinction, and many good judges believe that he will not have to wait long. In other words, they think he will win next month. Nobody would be really surprised by Troytown's victory, for he has all the makings of a champion 'chaser. He excited no end of admiration when he came out last year at Aintree, showing his ability then to get over the big fences.

Irish Cracks

I HAVE already taken a chance by backing the two Irish cracks, Troytown at 100 to 12 and Ballyboggan at 100 to 8. If both keep well they ought to touch shorter prices. Poethlyn has been a bit easy in the market lately. Two causes are responsible for this—first, the strong support given to his stable companion, that fine veteran, Lutteur III., and, second, the knowledge that Poethlyn fell in the course of a recent gallop at Lewes.

Poethlyn and Others

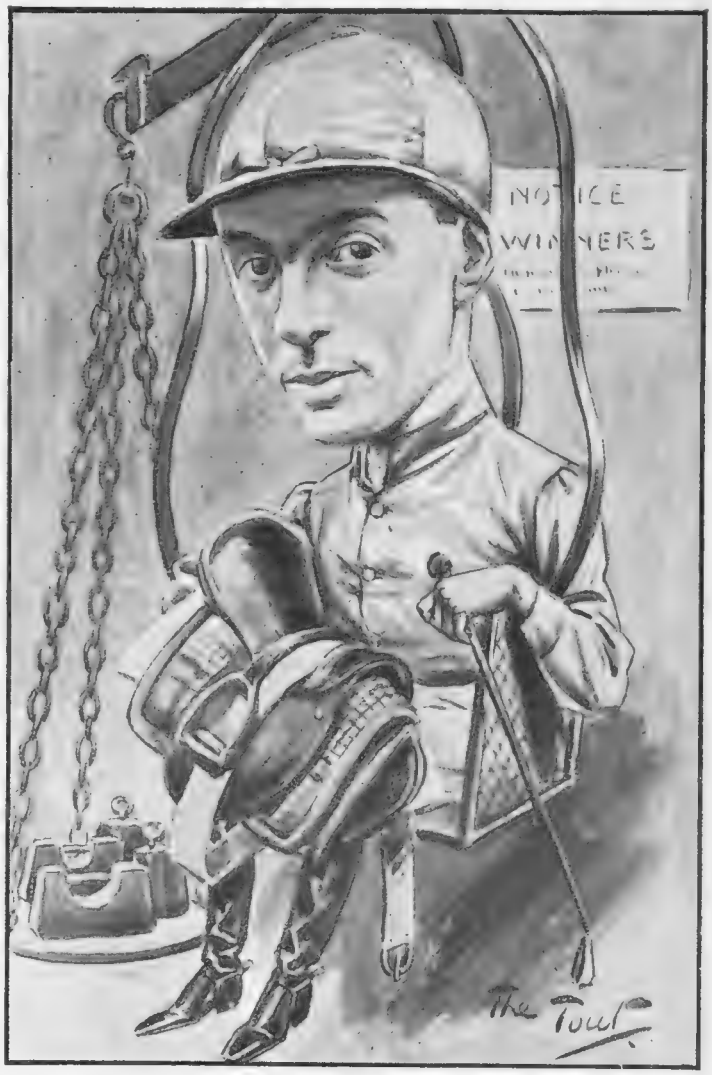
I AM assured on the best authority that so far as this spill is concerned there was "nothing in it." The horse, I am told, "slipped up" after landing over his fence. In any case, I would not have attached vast importance to the incident. If the Aintree fences are built up in their old way this time I think they will find a chink in Poethlyn's armour. At the moment I prefer the chances of Ballyboggan and Troytown at the longer odds.

A Playful Double

ACCEPTANCES for the spring handicaps may be regarded as entirely satisfactory. The withdrawals for the most part are unimportant. We should like to have seen Brigand attempt to repeat the performances of Long Set and Winkfield's Pride by accomplishing the Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire double, but no doubt Mr. de Rothschild's horse will run in the "City and Sub." I do not propose to make any definite selection for the Lincoln race at this early stage, but my opinion is that Sir Berkeley possesses an excellent chance. He performed very consistently last season, and is nicely handicapped. I suggest Sir Berkeley and Ballyboggan as a "playful double."

Tetratema All Right

IN regard to other events of the future, let me assure you that Tetratema, having recovered from the little trouble which affected him last autumn, is now remarkably well, and, in the absence of unforeseen occurrences, he is a certain starter for the Guineas and the Derby. You will not have to wait long for an opportunity of seeing him again on the racecourse, as it is intended to run him for the Greenham Stakes at Newbury. His stable companion, Prince Galahad, has also wintered satisfactorily. At Lingfield on Thursday **Golden Melody** may win the £500 hurdle race.



MR. JACK ANTHONY

Winner of the Grand National on Glenside. The Welsh amateur is the best of the three brothers who have achieved distinction as cross-country jockeys. Jack has been in very good form this season

BY "THE TOUT"

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A PREMIERE DANSEUSE STUDYING FROM NATURE "LA MORT DU CYGNE"

By Clarke

BOOK NOTES

BY RALPH STRAUS

Mr. Robert Dell's book, *My Second Country (France)*, (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is an unexpected and rather uncomfortable production. You open it prepared to find a reasoned eulogy of the country in which the author has lived, apparently most happily, for a number of years. Instead, you gradually become aware that there is very little in French Institutions of which Mr. Dell approves, and ultimately discover that his sovereign remedy for all the mistakes of the past is the "directorship of the proletariat." Mr. Dell seems to favour the Soviet system as the only one able to banish for all time the anomalies of the present Parliamentary and Judicial Institutions. He deplores the traditional thrift of the Frenchman. Church, Capitalism, and Protection are his particular bugbears—and the methods of Parisian landlords. He foresees a speedy change in the Government of France, and no half-measures will satisfy this fiery enthusiast. You may dislike Mr. Dell's opinions, but you will find his book well worth reading. He writes well and with courage, and, in spite of his many prejudices, does not go out of his way, as do some writers of similar views, to fling mud. But what his second country will say of this book by an Englishman is another matter.

A first novel of unusual promise is Beatrice Kean Seymour's *Invisible Tides* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* net). Mrs. Seymour writes understandingly. She is of the modern way of thinking. Her portraits are very carefully presented. As with so many of the novels to-day, however, the story itself is slight, particularly for a long book of nearly four hundred pages. Helena is a likeable young woman. She marries Jerome Courtney—well, for no particular reason, but he has a nice house, and her parents want her to marry, and he is a good sort. And when she falls in love with Hilary the painter, you can guess more or less what is going to happen. Jerome's absence in America gives her the opportunity of earning her own living, and, later, of keeping house with Hilary. Then, inevitably in these novels of to-day, that old Archduke is killed, and Hilary gets into khaki. He, too, is killed, and after a terrible time Helena goes back, as is right and proper, to her husband. The mere shell of a story, you see, but told so well that you read on quietly enjoying each scene and recognising Mrs. Seymour's sincerity of purpose and careful work on every page.

The earlier adventures of Miss Bella Gold, the heroine of Dr. H. H. Bashford's new novel, *A Plain Girl's Tale* (Collins: 7*s*; 6*d.* net), are of a romantically various order. She comes of a puritanical artisan's family, the members of which are described in a delightfully intimate manner. Bella is a little dear, and it is exceedingly hard on her when she is forced to become under-housemaid at Lady

Parling's Knightly mansion. Lady Parling is one of those dames who ought to be made to play under-housemaid themselves for a time. Bella, not unnaturally, runs away and becomes a waitress in one of those jolly, unconventional Chelsea teashops where all the young men with brains are wont to foregather. And when she marries Maurice Kent, a painter who is going to do big things, you feel that Dr. Bashford has given her no more than she deserves. But the plain girl's tale is by no means over when she becomes Mrs. Kent. There is a sister of hers to complicate affairs, and the book ends without a complete solution of all her problems. Nevertheless, Dr. Bashford's book is a satisfying story, full of good humour and sunlight and graciousness and truth.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY DIANA BRIDGEMAN

Eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, whose books of poems and paintings, done between the ages of 7 and 12, are being published this week by Messrs. Erskine MacDonald, Ltd.

IN *The Old Indispensables* Mr. Edward Shanks poured scorn on our old type of Civil Servant, and in *How They Did It* (Methuen : 8*s.* net) Mr. Gerald O'Donovan flays the new "business" supermen who were allowed to start new Ministries and became baronets or K.B.E.'s almost before they had discovered their own offices. Mr. O'Donovan hits out tremendously hard. His most superb creation is Freddy, who at the beginning of the War is just Freddy, a hanger-on, but by Armistice Day has become Major-General Sir Frederick. He may be a playful exaggeration, but one did hear of rather queer things going on at the Home Front. Mr. O'Donovan allows his satire to play delicately round and about a coherent story, and not all his "temporaries" are knaves or fools. This is a book for chuckles and laughter. It proves beyond question, and notwithstanding any legitimate attempt at exaggeration, what a wonderful people we are.

MR. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER'S new novel, *A Place in the Sun* (Cassell : 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a delightfully witty little story with an old clergyman for its real hero, who is the nicest old clergyman that ever was. In fact, if the Rev. John Heslop had not lived in the Hampstead suburb to which Madame Iris Ivanovna, who in the Russian way had stabbed her husband and been divorced, had come to England for a little rest, and treated her as his daughter, she would never have made good and gone back to Russia to marry her disfigured lover. Her adventures are startling, as you might expect. Mr. Turner writes with a joyous pen, and his book is most amusing.

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(Signed) GINA PALERME.

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Put them beside any real pearls or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

Provincial customers may send their orders by the post, and will receive the same attention as if they called upon us personally.

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Our Showrooms are on the 1st Floor, over Lloyds' Bank.
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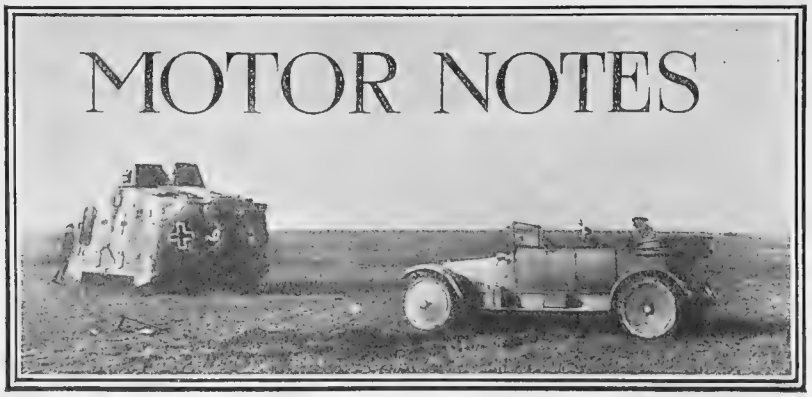
MOTOR NOTES



A CROSSLEY CAR AND A DERELICT GERMAN TANK

A 25-30 h.p. Crossley Touring Car photographed in a field near Avesnes-le-Sec, in France. The car had been forced to take to the fields owing to the awful condition of the roads, and is shown in close proximity to a derelict German tank, on which the skull and crossbones are easily discernible

It is a most extraordinary thing that, do somebody a good turn, and, sure enough, someone turns round and tries to bite you, that is to say, metaphorically. At the present time quite a few of us motorists have stuck to petrol, notwithstanding the sun-song of Captain Montgomery, of the A.A., and others, as to the glories of benzol.

* * *

Now, just when there is a chance of getting the cars that have been on order for months and months and months, what do the petrol-supplying folk announce? Why, that as the Government seem to think they would like to take off the petrol tax of sixpence per gallon the oil magnates have decided to increase the price of petrol eightpence per gallon, so that instead of reduced prices the motoring public are to be "bitten" to the tune of 17½ per cent. increase on present price and 27 per cent. advance, neglecting the 6*d.* for duty. That's what comes to you for sticking to your pals.

* * *

But that is not all, for the home-made fuel merchants are playing the same game against their supporters, as benzol is to be put up 4*d.* per gallon. Their excuse is that the oil people are competing against them in purchasing the raw product and offering higher prices for it than they were, so instead of taking the opportunity of making it worth while to use benzol by the biggest petrol enthusiasts, by selling it at a much lower cost than the rival fuel, the difference is insufficient to tempt them to change over.

* * *

'Pon my word, something will have to be done to stop this everlasting increase of prices, as if it is allowed to continue the great mass of voters will support Labour, if only because they think that section in politics will put down this profiteering. The result will be that instead of cleaning the house they will knock it down, and a nice kettle of fish we shall all be in.

* * *

A correspondent writes me, pointing out that in the description of the photograph of the G.N. car that made the non-engine stop run from London to Edinburgh, the letterpress called it a G.W. Bless your heart alive, I do not suppose this typographical error deceived anybody, but considering this was in our issue of December 31, what with Christmas and the eve of the New Year, comps. will make a stumble sometimes, and the picture told the story all right, but still, perhaps, these few lines will straighten the matter.

* * *

I was glad to see the G.N. cars at the Glasgow Motor Show, where they made an excellent impression

(*Continued on page* xiv)

Daimler Service.

THE UTILITY of Daimler Service is appreciated by Daimler owners.

This service has been developed as a definite branch of our organisation and with a knowledge that, apart from bringing new orders, it is doing equally as much to consolidate the Company's goodwill as the design and quality of the cars themselves.

During recent years many Daimlers have been re-sold, and to enable their present owners to take advantage of Daimler Service, will these purchasers of cars, *numbered from 11,800 upwards,* send the identification references to the Daimler Service Department.

Daimler

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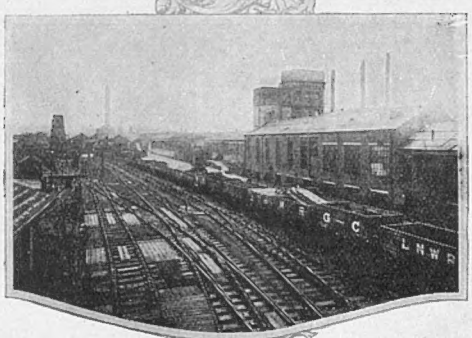
The AUSTIN

Works at Longbridge



General views of the sidings and machine and erecting shops at the Austin Works

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These works represent the last word in manufacturing efficiency. Having grown rapidly they have no heritage of mistakes to shoulder. Every advantage has been taken of modern and up-to-date ideas in the arrangement and installation of machinery. The ideal is English, the methods are American. An English car preserving the highest characteristics of English workmanship produced under the requisite conditions for what is known as "mass production"—that is the programme, and to carry out that programme in the most economical manner the Longbridge works have now been systematically and methodically laid out. The works are capacious, the buildings cover 53 acres and the estate 287 acres in all. There is ample room for still further expansion. Meantime the orders on hand amount to £10,000,000 and are constantly increasing, the production estimate coincides with that amount.

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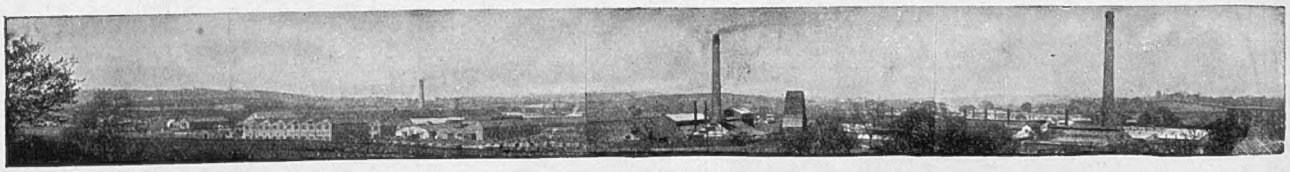

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

upon the visitors, while the agents showing them got plenty of orders. Light cars were in quite good favour at this exhibition, and another moderate price vehicle, the Hampton, also proved in popular demand. This little 'bus climbed up Rest-and-be-Thankful on the Sunday of the show with four persons up. A jolly good performance for this little 9.8 h.p. rated car, as this long hill has often beaten bigger cars than this, and I do not remember such a small engine as this one successfully climbing this mountain with four up before. Perhaps Mr. R. J. Smith, the general secretary of the Scottish Automobile Club, can enlighten those who wish to keep the records right.

* * *

Anyway, as Hampton cars will take part in the Light Car Trials in Scotland in early June this year, we shall get some official statistics on this point then, if they do not exist at the moment. The truth is the War has completely blotted out all these various motoring records from people's memories, and it would not be a bad thing if both the Royal Automobile Club and the Scottish A.C. would issue a complete list of what are the present records for all the well-known hill-climbs and other events now standing in their official documents.

Though I have not seen it myself, I am told that a firm of sparking-plug manufacturers have circulated a statement to the effect that their plugs were used by the late Captain Sir John Alcock for the Transatlantic flight, and also by Mr. Hawker. Messrs. S. Smith and Sons (M.A.), Ltd., are anxious to refute this, and ask my assistance in having it known that K.L.G. plugs were used by all competitors in the Transatlantic flight, including the winner. They were also used by the winner of the Aerial Derby and in the five Sunbeam-Maori engines of H.M. Airship R. 34. Finally, Captain Sir Ross Smith had the Vickers-Vimy engines of his machine fitted with K.L.G. plugs for his England to Australia flight.

* * *

Really, "Bill" Guinness, you seem to have swept the board in records for your sparks; time was when the Isle of Man christened you and brother Algy the "Vital Sparks," little realising how you would eventually live up to the title, but many a true word has been spoken in jest. And that's that.

Old Hy.

A WOLSELEY CAR

At the meet of the North Warwickshire Hounds at Crackley Woods

The Claudel-Hobson Carburettor makes history.—First direct Atlantic Flight: England-America-England on R. 34: England to Australia.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. 1

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A little Pétrole Hahn rubbed into the scalp stimulates and maintains a healthy growth, wards off premature baldness, and enables the hair to keep its natural colour.

Should illness, breakdown, or war strain, have caused the hair to become thin and brittle, Pétrole Hahn will quickly restore it to vigorous condition.

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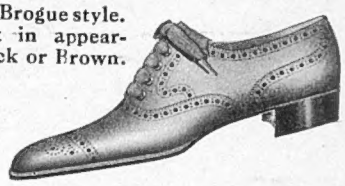

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